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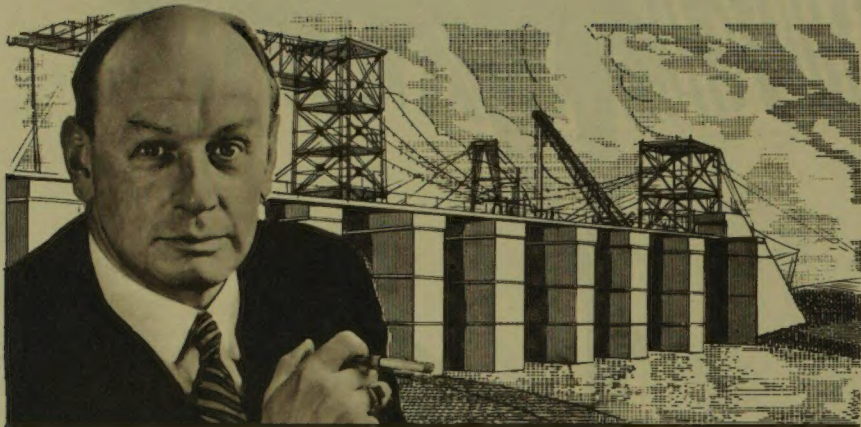
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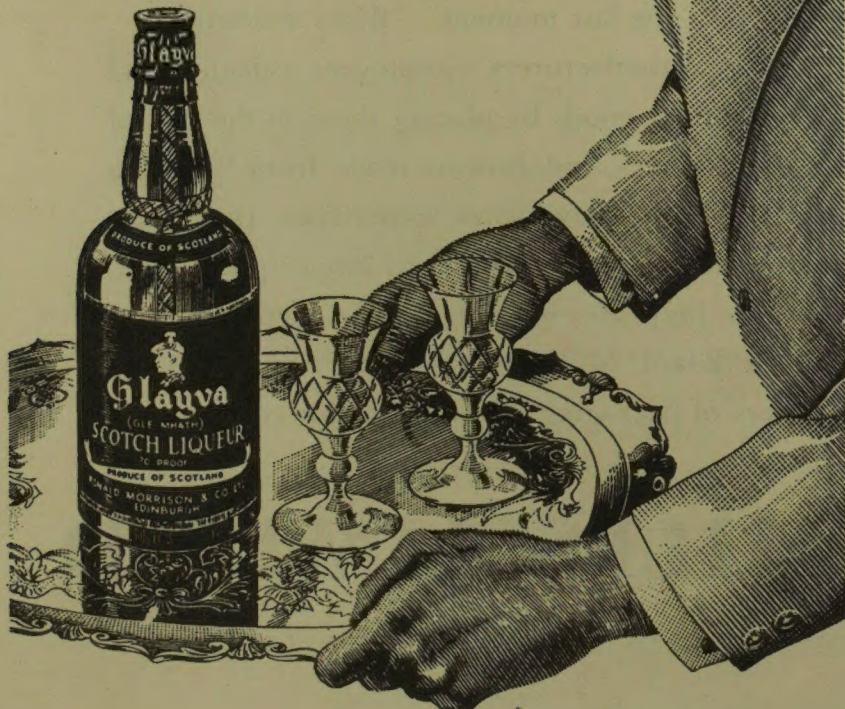
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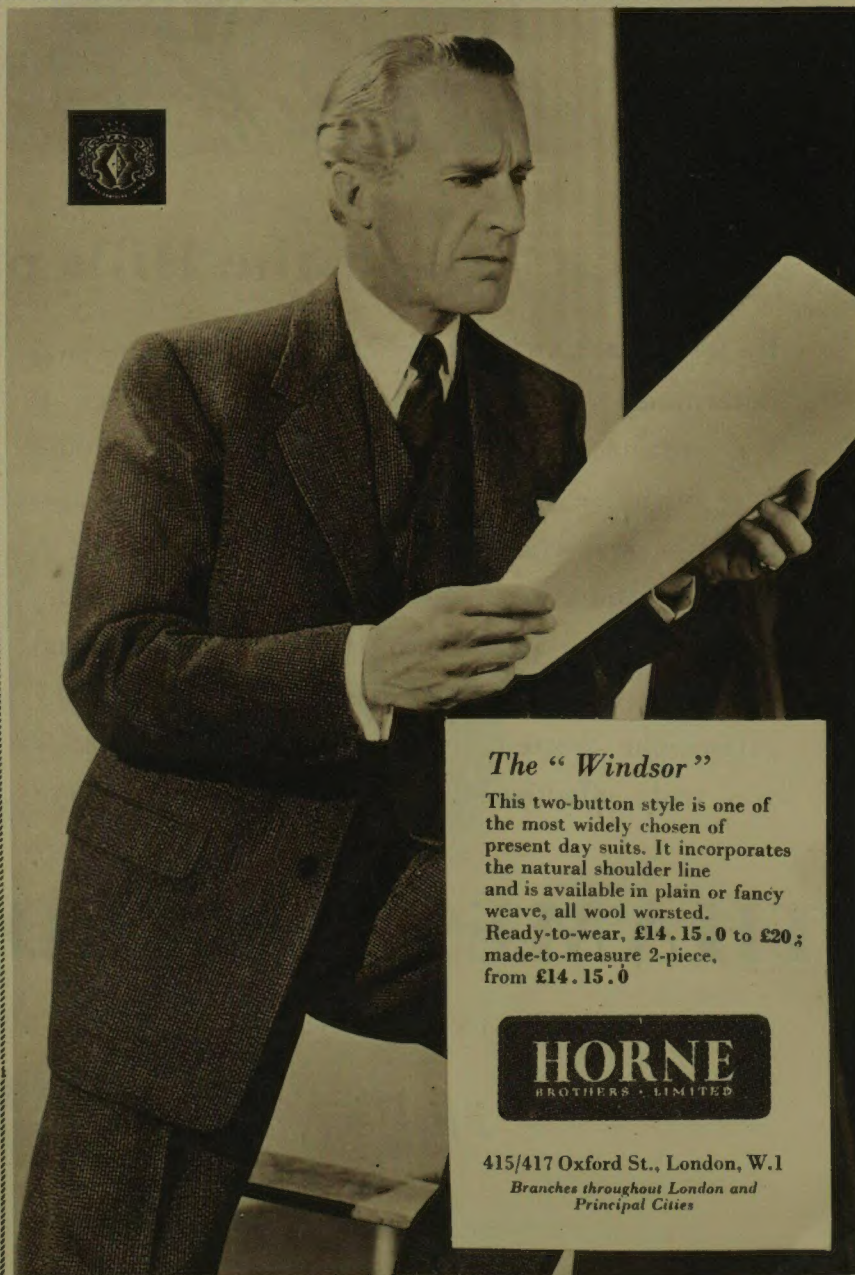
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The Saxons called this 'Eoster-monath' and thereby honoured the Anglo-Saxon goddess of Spring. Our name for the month, however, derives from the Latin word 'aperire' ('to unfold').

Our earliest recollections of April seldom (alas!) are concerned with tulips blowing prettily in the showers. It is much more likely that they are centred upon the mildly lunatic festival with which the month begins. And it is all very well for our children to tell us that we cannot be made an April Fool after 12 o'clock on the first; Budget Day brings to most of us the faint suspicion that someone has forgotten the rules of the game. It is all very unsettling; but there is some comfort in the knowledge that (outwardly, at least) the Midland Bank remains unaffected by all this spring fever. It continues steadily on its way, providing banking service for all, in a way that everybody likes.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1957.



THE UNEXPECTED VICTORY: CAMBRIDGE, WHO WON THE BOAT RACE, LEADING AS THE CREWS APPROACHED BARNES BRIDGE.

The 103rd University Boat Race, which took place in warm Spring weather on March 30, was remarkable not so much for the magnificent effort made by the winners but for the surprising defeat of the losers which confounded all the prophets. Oxford, firm favourites on form, won the toss and chose

the Middlesex station. But Cambridge, whom only their staunchest supporters expected to see first at the winning post, won by two lengths in 19 mins. 1 sec. to gain yet another victory for the Light Blues. Other photographs of this most popular annual event appear elsewhere in this issue.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE recent London season of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company must have been one of the most brilliant and successful revivals—if one can use such a word for a work of art whose vitality has never died—in the history of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The Company played night after night to packed and enthusiastic houses, including large numbers of young men and women who seemed to be enjoying themselves quite as much as their entranced and nostalgia-ridden seniors, and did so with the verve and precision of a crack American cast presenting the latest and slickest musical from New York. The singing of the Heavy Dragoons in "Patience" and the Peers in "Iolanthe" was worthy of Covent Garden, and Mr. Peter Pratt I thought the best Lord Chancellor and Jack Point I have seen. I regret I did not see him in "The Mikado" or "The Gondoliers," but a kinsman of mine whose mother was a friend of the first D'Oyly Carte and was present as a boy at the original first night of nearly all the operas, thought him as great a Savoyard as Grossmith. Whatever, however, impressed me most in the operas was their astonishing youth and appositeness. They no more dated in 1957 than "Alice in Wonderland" or "The Pilgrim's Progress." I saw them first during or just after the First World War when I was in my early twenties. At that time they were decidedly unfashionable and, mainly touring the provinces, penetrated no further into the metropolis, if I remember rightly, than Hammersmith Broadway. They were regarded as the preserve of local amateur dramatic societies and operatic singers; their day, it was felt, had passed and they had no place in the art or entertainment world of the Britain of the bright and cynical 'twenties nor any other conceivable Britain of the future.

Well, the prophets of those days were wrong. Since then we have been through a Second World War and a social revolution, and the Gilbert and Sullivan operas are not only as popular as ever but far more popular than they were forty years ago. They are as relevant, as entertaining and as enchanting as in the days when they were first played and sung to our parents, grandparents and great-grandparents. Like all great art, they both belong to their own age and are timeless. Indeed, the very brilliance with which they depict the spirit of a once living age, by reviving the life of that age, gives them an appeal that is undying. Fashions, ideas, modes of speech, change and die, but life itself never dies; "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and every age akin to every other. Bunthorne and Patience, Pooh-Bah and the Duke of Plaza Toro, Stephen and Phyllis and Private Willis belong, in their humbler measure, to the same undying company as Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims and the members of the Pickwick Club. Whether they began their existence in the fourteenth century, in the 1830's or the 1880's is immaterial. They are equally alive for us in the 1950's and, if our civilisation continues, will be equally alive for our great-grandchildren in A.D. 2050, that is, of course, if no foolish vulgarian, hoping to invest them with the modernity of the passing moment, divorces them from their natural context in time and, by trying to give them a "contemporary" slant and face-lift, destroys their timelessness and beauty for ever. For the reason of their eternal youthfulness and appeal lies, and has always lain, in the happy union—a blessed freak in time and space like that between the texture of the soil and the particular slant of the sun in a few favoured acres of the Côte d'Or and Medoc—between Gilbert's unerring sense of the absurdity of human nature and Sullivan's magical gift of setting music to words. Neither of these two remarkable artists had the talent by himself to have achieved this eternity of supreme genius without the other; together at the top of the bent, they created something both unique and, in its own kind, perfect. Though I had seen it half a dozen times before, "Iolanthe" left me speechless with delight; with its absurdity yet exquisite fitness of marrying the world of Victorian fairyland to the splendours and ritual pomposities of the British House of Lords in the heyday of its social, though not political, grandeur, and with the succession of lovely airs, almost worthy of a Mozart, with which Gilbert's ridiculous but penetrating rhymes are invested by the composer. In this particular art, as Sir Malcolm Sargent has pointed out, few musicians have ever equalled, and scarcely any surpassed, our English Sullivan; his felicity in this was as great as that of his partner in ingenious rhyming. The uniqueness of their joint achievement has been taken for granted, I suppose, because it was so popular, and because no superior person considered that

there could be any real art in what was so commonly approved and accepted. The operas sent me to the *Punches* of the 'seventies and 'eighties. I happened to pick out of the shelf the volume for the first half of 1877—eighty years ago, that is, and the year in which "The Sorcerer," the first of the full-length Gilbert and Sullivan operas, burst on the world. It was the age of the billycock and the Grecian bend, of æsthetic knickerbockers and heavy swells in whiskers, stove-pipe hats and checked trousers, of enormous St. Bernard dogs on chains, and ineffable youths in velvetene collars going into ecstasies over Botticellis and fourteenth-century primitives. Against a background of bruisers and fur-capped louts, gaslit, wooden-paved, horse-dunged London streets with gin-palaces and crossing sweepers at every corner and heavy-booted Peelers guarding property from the rough multitude, the fashionable conflict between the æsthètes and the Philistines later caricatured in "Patience" is depicted in Mr. Punch's pages: of

women weird and wondrous, long of jaw,
And lank of limb, and greenish as with mould,
And full-red lips and shocks of fulvous hair,
And raiments strange of fold.

THE RAISING OF THE EDGAR BONNET.



REMOVING THE LAST MAJOR OBSTACLE IN THE SUEZ CANAL: THE LIFTING OF THE SUNKEN TUG EDGAR BONNET.

On March 25 the sunken tug *Edgar Bonnet*, the last major obstacle in the Suez Canal, was raised and removed to Lake Timsah. It was understood at the time that the Canal would be opened to all shipping on April 10. With the removal of the *Edgar Bonnet* it was possible, it was stated, for vessels drawing up to 30 ft. to use the Canal. In this category would be ships of up to 20,000 tons fully laden. After the lifting of the *Edgar Bonnet*, Mr. Hammarskjöld congratulated the salvage team and their United Nations director, General Wheeler, on their work.

this volume's pages was to face extinction as the U-boats from Central Europe ringed it with disaster.

Yet of all the facets of a nation's contemporary life reflected in this volume of *Punch*—the duel between Gladstone and Disraeli, the inexplicable, as it seemed to stolid, unimaginative Englishmen, anger and unreason of the Irish, the Pre-Raphaelite invasion of the Victorian home, the menace of Income Tax and Foot and Mouth Disease—the most abiding impression left after my happy hour of turning its pages was a poem, alas unillustrated, about a young lady artiste named Zazel who performed in the Westminster Aquarium, an establishment which I remember visiting in my own youth. It has so much of life, so much of the spirit of Gilbert and Sullivan that I should like to end with its first verse:

Policemen, I have lost my heart
Here in the Westminster Aquarium,
Since first I saw her rapid dart
Across the diaper'd Velarium.
A form, that Phidias might confess
As graceful as a young gazelle,
With raven hair, and ruby dress,
And winsome eyes, make up Zazel!

This is the mould, I feel, out of which "Iolanthe" herself was minted.

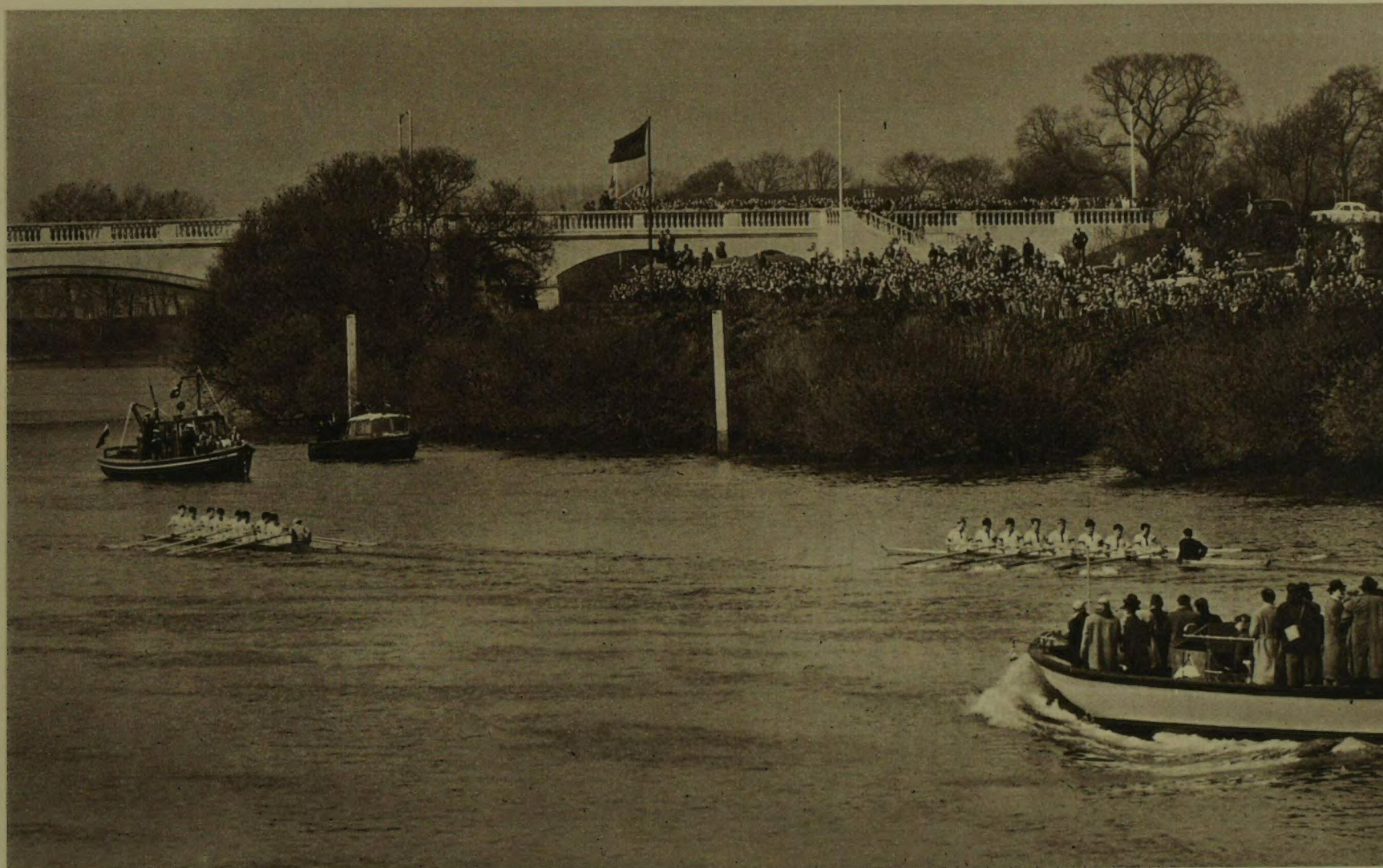
Yet it was just as much—and in this lies its reality for us—the age of hearty Jingos, of

We don't want to fight
But, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
And we've got the money too.

The Balkans were in a flame, Premier Dizzy, the great Asian mystery—just translated to the Lords as Earl of Beaconsfield—was espousing the cause of the unspeakable Turk against the Russian Bear (popularly supposed to have his eye on India, brightest jewel of Britain's crown) and Gladstone, a new Peter the Hermit, was beginning to preach the belated but inspired crusade that was to culminate in the Midlothian Election. For all the apparent plush-cushioned security of the era, it was an age, like every other, of doubts and anxiety. It was for the Navy a time of revolutionary change; sail was—slowly and reluctantly—giving way to steam; salts and stokers were at variance, and an anxious Britannia sat looking seawards at a bay spotted with wrecked masts and funnels while a cock-hatted, epauletted Neptune and a shaggy Vulcan ("Chief Engineer") stood before her, the latter explaining, "Yes, ma'am, things do look bad and won't be better till you make a change in your officering! It's been Captain Nep's boys till now—it must be both our boys in future!" An even worse bugbear for anxious patriots was the torpedo which was expected to "blow to smithereens" every ship that floated. "Allow me," says Britannia to an alarmed First Sea Lord, "to introduce a young gentleman who has just made his début on the Danube and to whom you and I will, I rather think, have a good deal to say." Forty years later the secure insular world of top-hats and tinkling teacups depicted in



AT A VITAL STAGE OF THE RACE: CAMBRIDGE'S UNCHALLENGED SPURT (LEFT) AFTER SHOOTING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.



THE MOMENT OF VICTORY: CAMBRIDGE WINNING THE 1957 BOAT RACE BY TWO LENGTHS FROM OXFORD IN 19 MINS. 1 SEC.
CAMBRIDGE CONFOUND THE PROPHETS BY DEFEATING OXFORD: THE 1957 UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

Seldom is the University Boat Race rowed in such lovely weather as it was on March 30, and the sunshine attracted even larger crowds than usual to the banks of the Thames. This year there were few people, save Cambridge's staunchest supporters, who thought there would be a Light Blue victory. Oxford had spared no pains in their training and had completed a phenomenal mileage on the water. They also had weight on their side and were the heaviest crew ever to have taken part in the race. A great point of interest this year was the new style of rowing, introduced by R. H. Carnegie, the Australian President of the Oxford University

Boat Club, and known as the American style. Yet, despite everything that was prophesied about the Boat Race before the event, it was won by Cambridge, whose dramatic spurt at Hammersmith Bridge was unchallenged by Oxford. As is usual when results disprove prophecies, the quest for causes is apt to be prolonged. Some rowing correspondents put the blame on Oxford's tactics; others think that Oxford had passed their peak of training, but all are unanimous in sympathising with Oxford's No. 5, P. F. Barnard, who showed distressing signs of strain during the second half of the race, and also in unstinted praise for Cambridge.

FROM AMERICA TO BURMA: A NEWS MISCELLANY OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.



NOW RECOGNISED AS A LEGITIMATE HEIR OF THE LATE KING CAROL OF RUMANIA: MIRCEA-CAROL LAMBRINO, SON OF KING CAROL AND "ZIZI" LAMBRINO, WITH HIS SON PAUL.

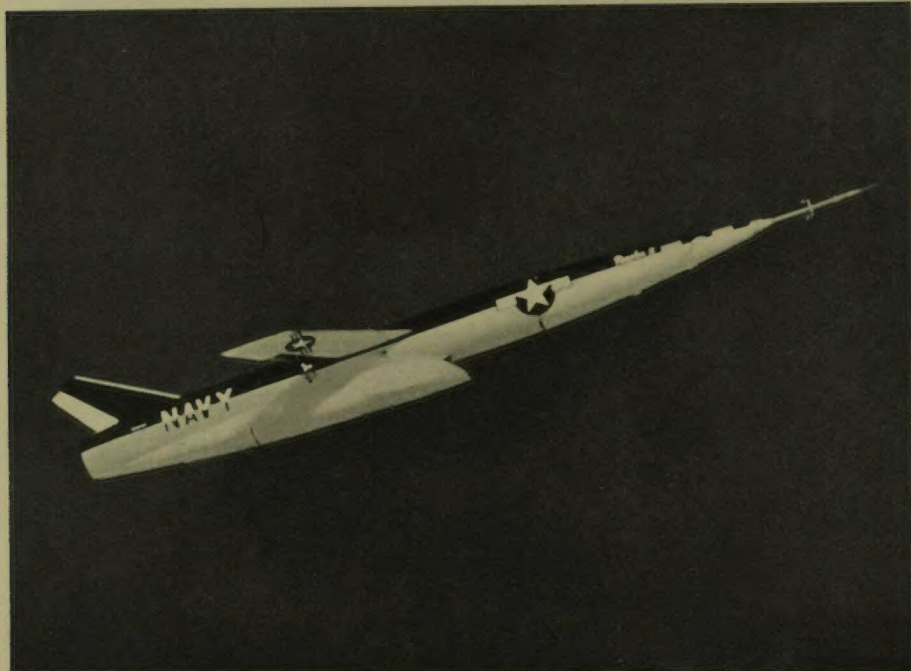


WITH A RUNAWAY TRAIN IN THE DOORWAY: MRS. HORDER, OF CROWDEN, GLOSSOP, IN HER WRECKED SITTING-ROOM.

On March 29 an 80-ton electric locomotive crashed into the garden of a two-room cottage at Crowden, in Derbyshire. Neither the driver nor the occupants of the cottage were injured.



ARCHÆOLOGY BESIDE THE GAZA STRIP: ISRAEL'S PREMIER, MR. BEN-GURION (WITH BINOCULARS), EXAMINING A BYZANTINE MOSAIC UNCOVERED BY PLOUGHING IN A JEWISH SETTLEMENT.



DESIGNED FOR THE U.S. NAVY: THE CHANCE VUGHT REGULUS II IN FLIGHT.

The *Regulus I*, a surface-to-surface guided missile, which has been operational with the U.S. Navy since 1955, resembles in appearance a conventional swept-wing aircraft: the *Regulus II* is an advance on this and can fly at one and a half times the speed of sound and operate at an altitude of 50,000 ft.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE NEEDLES, ISLE OF WIGHT—AND ON ONE OF TRANSPORT COMMAND'S COMET 2's. On March 7 it was stated in the Commons that, as part of the expansion of R.A.F. Transport Command, the R.A.F., which already has eight *Comet 2*'s in service, is expected ultimately to have ten *Comets* and thirteen *Britannias*, to give strategic and tactical mobility to the services.



SELECTED AS CABIN-BOYS FOR MAYFLOWER II: (L. TO R.) GRAHAM NUNN, OF CORBY, NORTHANTS, AND JOE MEANY, OF WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

The two seventeen-year-old boys chosen as cabin boys for *Mayflower II*'s transatlantic crossing met in London on March 28. The American boy is the son of an optician; and the English boy the son of a plasterer.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF BURMA: U WIN MAUNG, WHO WAS UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED ON MARCH 12 AND SWORN IN ON MARCH 14. Burma's new President, who was elected to succeed Dr. Ba U, whose term of office expired, was formerly Minister for Marine and Civil Aviation. In 1945 he was dropped by parachute to organise anti-Japanese resistance inside Burma.



IN SAUDI ARABIA: THE SHAH OF PERSIA (LEFT) WITH KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA AND HIS THREE-YEAR-OLD SON, PRINCE MANSOUR.

The Shah, who recently visited Mecca, is seen here with King Saud and the little Prince Mansour, who, it will be recalled, accompanied the King on his American visit in the hopes of benefiting by U.S. treatment for his poliomyelitis.

A ROYAL VISIT TO KENT; AND OTHER OCCASIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



ARRIVING FOR MORNING SERVICE AT MERSHAM PARISH CHURCH: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP.



A VISIT TO BRITAIN'S SMALLEST PUBLIC RAILWAY: HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE PHILIP SMILE AS PRINCE CHARLES GREET'S THEM FROM THE DRIVER'S CABIN.

The Queen and Prince Philip, with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, spent the week-end of March 30-31 at the home of Lord and Lady Brabourne at Mersham, near Folkestone. The Royal family visited the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch railway. The Queen and Prince Philip attended morning service in Mersham.



AN INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND LORD TEDDER, MARSHAL OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, DURING LORD TEDDER'S RECENT MEETING WITH THE PRESIDENT IN WASHINGTON.



AN IBERIA AIR LINES RECEPTION: THE MANAGER FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM (RIGHT) GREET'S THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

A reception was given by Iberia Air Lines on March 27 to celebrate the opening of their spacious new London bureau at 19-20, New Bond Street. Among the many distinguished guests was the Spanish Ambassador, H.E. El Duque de Primo de Rivera.



THE TWO-SEATER WORLD GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIP: LORD BRABAZON CONGRATULATING MR. FRANK FOSTER, ONE OF THE TWO WINNERS.

Following the Annual General Meeting of the Royal Aero Club on March 27 silver medals were presented by Lord Brabazon to Mr. Frank Foster and Lieut.-Commander G. A. J. Goodhart. Mr. Foster, with Commander H. C. N. Goodhart, won the two-seater World Gliding Championship last year. Right: Lieut.-Commander G. A. J. Goodhart is seen receiving his medal.



LORD BRABAZON PRESENTING A MEDAL TO LIEUT.-COMMANDER G. A. J. GOODHART, WHO OBTAINED THE WORLD GLIDING RECORD OVER A 300-KM. TRIANGULAR COURSE.

THIS article was going to press when the offer to release Archbishop Makarios was announced. It brings a far better atmosphere than that obtaining when it was written. A number of events have recently moved across the Cyprus issue like a series of cross-currents in troubled waters. There has been the resolution of the General Assembly of the United Nations in favour of further negotiations, with which the Greek Government has expressed itself as satisfied. There has been Eoka's offer of a truce. There has been the British offer to release Archbishop Makarios from the Seychelles if he will recommend a cessation of violence in Cyprus. There has been the offer of Lord Ismay, on behalf of N.A.T.O., to use his good offices in an effort to find a solution, its acceptance by Turkey and rejection by Greece. And in Greece itself there has been an Opposition vote of censure on the Government, which has been defeated.

The official view of Greece is that the General Assembly's resolution implied that negotiations should take place between the ruling Power, the United Kingdom, and the Cypriot people, and that Lord Ismay's proposal of tripartite negotiations between Britain, Greece and Turkey offends against this principle. My own view is that the Greek Government would be wise to make more prominent what is well known to be its opinion—that, whereas Turkey has a right to be heard and to make representations about the future security of Turkish Cypriots, she has no right to be called on terms of equality with Greece to a tripartite conference at which she would be entitled to bring up the question of her own security or veto any proposals for the future of Cyprus which she considered would imperil it. Our crowded Press has found so little space for the repercussions of the Cyprus question in Greece that few people here are acquainted with the hot and dramatic political struggle which has been going on in that country. Cyprus has become, it is hardly exaggeration to say, the one important political topic. The Government is never allowed to think of any other for more than a day or two. It is constantly accused of lack of fidelity to the Cypriot cause, and there could be no charge more damaging. One of the Opposition leaders declared that it was preparing to surrender on the issue. Another asserted, during the debate on the vote of censure, that it had abandoned the attempt to obtain self-determination for the island.

It may be said that this is no concern of ours, but we have, in fact, been affected by the same kind of embarrassment as the Greek Prime Minister expressed when he said that Greece "had to fight within the framework of her alliances." There is recent evidence that the American State Department has become alarmed about the situation and fearful that this relentless and bitter campaign will succeed in bringing the Government down. American experts on Greece have expressed the view that the life of the Karamanlis Government depends on self-determination for Cyprus and that if it should fall it would in all probability be succeeded by one permeated by and linked with Communism. So far as my own knowledge of Greece goes, this is an exaggeration, but I agree that from the point of view of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE CYPRUS ISSUE AGAIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

American strategy in the Mediterranean the fall of the present Government might be calamitous in the long run.

Rumours have also been set about in Greece that Mr. Karamanlis has been contemplating an appeal to the country in another General Election. This has been categorically denied, and I see no reason why credence should be given to it. The Government has been only a short time in office and, though it has probably been weakened by the campaign which I have described, it has withstood the attack stoutly enough. The majority

would have been over the heads of the people of Cyprus. I have pleaded some justification for the Greek Government's rejection of the project, but it seems to me possible that it might have been accepted had it been linked with the simultaneous release of Archbishop Makarios to serve as representative of the people of Cyprus. It is

next door to impossible to take one step at a time successfully when two matters are so closely linked as the international position of Cyprus and its political development.

I feel that the British Government has needlessly complicated a situation already very difficult by inconsistency, frequent shifting of position, and errors which have compelled it to alter its formulas. The hint about the partition of the island—which the distribution of the two main races makes singularly unsuitable in its case—was one of the most unhappy interventions. To

this day it is disputed whether the Minister was for the moment rambling or making what he considered a contribution to the practical alternatives to be taken into account. It is not easy to go back on such pronouncements even if they are recognised as unfortunate.

The perilously close approach to a situation in which Turkey is accorded a veto on plans for the future of Cyprus has been an even greater and more fundamental mistake. It has bedevilled the whole business, and the problem of repairing this particular error has begun to look almost insoluble. That being so, the early simple plan of an advance in self-government with, all going well, a plebiscite on the future of the island in about ten years, coupled with the strongest precautions to protect the Turkish minority, is no longer in the foreground. It can only reappear as practical politics if the obstructions in its path can first be cleared away. I wish I could suggest how this can be managed as confidently as I advocated the simple plan before the deterioration in bargaining power had gone so far.

All that I can now suggest is the following. Invite the Ethnarch to London—this on the assumption that he is prepared to advise a cessation of hostilities on both sides while talks are in progress. Since he may be to some extent out of touch with opinion in Cyprus, let him be joined by such representatives of it as he has need of. Start by discussion of the Radcliffe plan for constitutional revision and examine his counter-proposals on points where he disagrees with its detail. It is a gross exaggeration to say that every item in the plan is self-supporting to such an extent that the smallest change is

impossible. If that will not work, think again.

After the Archbishop has reached London, approach Greece again to discover whether in the light of the altered situation she will revise her opinion about the good offices of N.A.T.O. There would be no point in doing so unless he did come, but if that happened, the atmosphere in Cyprus would be more favourable and might influence Greek opinion. Find out—though I believe this is regarded in Cyprus as a side issue—what would be the reaction to classifying Cyprus as a N.A.T.O. base. Goodness knows, success by such means cannot be guaranteed. On the other hand, complete failure and a renewed deadlock very nearly can be if we drift on as at present.



ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS, WHOSE RELEASE FROM EXILE IN THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS WAS ANNOUNCED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON MARCH 28.

On March 28 Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, announced in the House of Commons that Archbishop Makarios was to be released from exile in the Seychelles Islands. He would be free to go anywhere except to Cyprus. Mr. Lennox-Boyd also announced that it had been decided to offer a safe conduct out of Cyprus to the leader of Eoka, Grivas, and to other members of the organisation. The present state of emergency on the island is to continue. On March 20 the Government had offered to liberate the Archbishop on the condition that he made a clear public statement calling for the cessation of violence by Eoka. Archbishop Makarios had since made such a statement, although it was not the clear appeal the Government had asked for.

against the vote of censure, 26, looks small at first sight, but if we take into account the strength of the Greek Chamber and the number of M.P.s who voted, 206 on both sides, it is, in fact, not inadequate. Opposition demands for the resignation of the Government hardly amount to practical politics, any more than those made here over the Suez crisis.

In the British House of Commons, Mr. Callaghan, for the Opposition, welcomed the proposal that the question should be referred to N.A.T.O. On this point all parties were at one. Where they differed was on procedure. Mr. Lennox-Boyd was in favour of one step at a time. The fact remains, however, that his proposed tripartite discussions

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—I.



GAZA. COLOMBIAN SOLDIERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS EMERGENCY FORCE PATROLLING THE DITCH, WHICH IS THE SOLE PHYSICAL BARRIER BETWEEN ISRAEL AND THE STRIP. Since Israel's evacuation of Gaza on March 7 it is reported that there have been twenty-three crossings from the Strip into Israel for purposes of sabotage or theft. The setting up of a mined wire fence is being considered.



SUEZ CANAL. THE ITALIAN TANKER *PIANETTA*, MOVING SOUTHWARDS TOWARDS SUEZ PAST THE POINT WHERE THE *EDGAR BONNET* WAS LIFTED ON MARCH 25. With the lifting of the *Edgar Bonnet*, the Canal became open to ships of 26½-ft. draught and 65-ft. beam, and on March 29 a convoy of nine ships (Italian, Russian, West German, Greek and Rumanian) left Suez as the first convoy for five months. Tolls were paid to Egypt.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. FIGHTING THE FLAMES AT A SOAP FACTORY IN A SYDNEY SUBURB—ONE OF FOUR FACTORY FIRES WHICH BROKE OUT ON THE SAME DAY, MARCH 21. TWO FACTORIES WERE DESTROYED AND THE OTHER TWO DAMAGED.



ROME, ITALY. A HISTORIC STEP TOWARDS THE UNIFICATION OF EUROPE: THE SIGNING OF THE DRAFT TREATIES FOR A EUROPEAN COMMON MARKET AND ATOMIC POOL. On March 25, in the Palazzo dei Conservatori in Rome, the German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, Signor Segni, the Italian Premier, and the Foreign Ministers of France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg (MM. Pineau, Spaak, Luns and Beck) signed the Common Market Treaty.



TUNISIA. AT A COMMONWEALTH LUNCHEON WHICH INCLUDED GHANA REPRESENTATIVES. A recent Commonwealth luncheon given by Mr. Angus Malcolm, British Ambassador to Tunisia, at his residence at La Marsa, was attended by Ghana representatives. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Mr. Edusei (Ghana); Mr. Turton, M.P. (U.K.); Mrs. Edusei (Ghana); Mr. Younger, M.P. (U.K.); Mr. Malcolm (British Ambassador); Mrs. Adjei (Ghana); Mrs. Angus Malcolm; Mr. Hulugalle (Ceylon); Mr. Dearden (U.K.); Mr. Adjei (Ghana); Mr. Suhrawardy (Pakistan); Mrs. Dearden (U.K.); Mr. Mayrand (Canada) and Mr. Chowdhury (Pakistan).



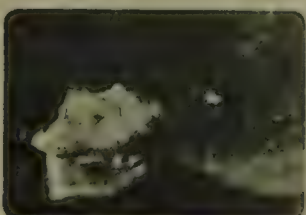
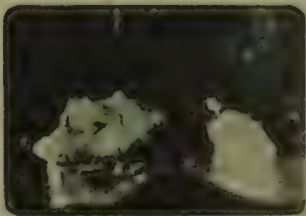
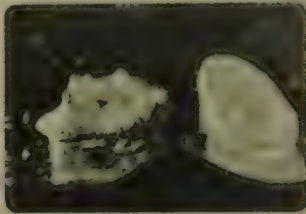
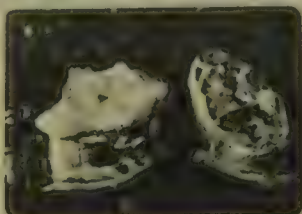
LYONS, FRANCE. THE STATE FUNERAL OF THE GREAT FRENCH STATESMAN, M. EDOUARD HERRIOT: THE FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN DRIVING PAST THE CROWDS OF MOURNERS. M. Edouard Herriot, the former Prime Minister of France and one of her most famous elder statesmen, was buried in Lyons with full national honours on March 30. The funeral was watched by about 100,000 people and attended by the President and the Prime Minister.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—II.



(Left.)
CYPRUS. AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS WAS TO BE RELEASED: DELIGHTED CROWDS GATHERING AROUND SOME BRITISH SERVICEMEN IN CYPRUS. When the news of the prospective release of Archbishop Makarios became known in Cyprus on March 28 it was greeted in Nicosia with the pealing of church bells and the sounding of motor-car horns. Crowds gathered in the streets and many people ignored the curfew order.

(Right.)
CYPRUS. FALLING PRICES AND A DIMINISHING QUARRY: A GOVERNMENT POSTER WHICH TELLS THE STORY OF THE PROGRESS MADE AGAINST TERRORISTS.



NEW YORK, U.S.A. BURNING UP A DIAMOND: THE GEM DISAPPEARING IN GREAT HEAT WHILE BORAZON (LEFT) REMAINS INTACT. The new material borazon, by far the hardest substance ever made by man, was recently created in the General Electric laboratory at Schenectady, New York. It is at least as hard as diamond and it will withstand temperatures of more than 3500 degs. F., whereas diamond, being basically carbon, "burns up" in air at about 1600 degs.



WEST GERMANY. NOT AN OPTICAL ILLUSION BUT A ZOOLOGICAL PUZZLE: ADAM, AN AFRICAN WATUSSI BULL, WHICH SOMEHOW MANAGES TO GET ITS HORNED HEAD IN AND OUT OF THE CAGE BARS AT COLOGNE ZOO.



WEST GERMANY. AN ARCHITECTURAL ODDITY: THE LEANING SPIRAL SPIRE OF THE CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENS AT MAVEN.



WEST BERLIN. RESEMBLING A LARGE SHIP UNDER CONSTRUCTION: BERLIN'S NEW CONGRESS HALL, WHICH IS BEING BUILT IN THE BRITISH SECTOR. Berlin's new Congress Hall is one of America's contributions to the forthcoming International Construction exhibition, and is to be used for scientific congresses, conferences, and meetings. It is being built by the Benjamin Franklin Foundation, a joint German-American body.



KENYA, EAST AFRICA. FOUR YEARS AFTER ONE OF MAU MAU'S MOST BARBAROUS ATTACKS: CHILDREN PLAYING AGAIN IN THE VILLAGE OF LARI. In March 1953 Lari was the scene of a ghastly massacre by Mau Mau terrorists who swept through it, burning alive whole families of loyal Kikuyu, among them Chief Luka and his family. To-day pardoned Mau Mau terrorists live as neighbours with those of their victims who survived.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—III.



HAMBURG, GERMANY. FOREIGN COMPETITION, THE THREAT TO THE BRITISH SHIPBUILDING INDUSTRY. ABOVE IS SHOWN ONE OF THE SHIPYARDS IN HAMBURG, WHERE OVERTIME WORK WAS CONTINUING LATE INTO THE NIGHT WHILE BRITISH YARDS WERE IDLE BECAUSE OF THE STRIKE.



TRIPURA, INDIA. THE SCENE AT A POLLING STATION IN TRIPURA DURING THE INDIAN GENERAL ELECTION.

In the Indian General Election, which was almost complete at the time of going to press, the Congress Party had gained a substantial majority over other parties in the Central Parliament, and in the Legislatures of all states except Kerala and Orissa. In Kerala, a state of 14,000,000 people, the Communist Party gained a majority, and Kerala will thus become the first Indian state to have a Communist government.



SIMONSTOWN, SOUTH AFRICA. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRITISH NAVAL BASE WHICH WAS TO BE HANDED OVER TO SOUTH AFRICA ON APRIL 2. THE FACILITIES OF THE BASE WILL REMAIN AVAILABLE TO THE ROYAL NAVY IN PEACE AND WAR. Members of the Government of the Union of South Africa and 3000 guests were expected to be present at the ceremony on April 2, when the British naval base at Simonstown was to be handed over to South Africa. The transfer of Simonstown, which has been a British naval base for over 140 years, is being carried out in accordance with the agreement made in June 1955 between the British and South African Governments.



NEAR PERTH, AUSTRALIA. AN ABORIGINE MARKING A CIRCLE ROUND A STONE WHICH FELL MYSTERIOUSLY FROM HEAVEN.

Pebbles are reported to have been falling from the sky on to a farm near Perth. The only explanation which has been offered is that the stones are picked up by small, tornado-like winds called willy-willies and later dropped when the winds lose their force.



FRANCE. A REHEARSAL FOR THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO PARIS: THE BORDE FRETIGNY, THE BOAT IN WHICH HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE PHILIP ARE TO MAKE A NIGHT TRIP DOWN THE SEINE, SEEN DURING A RECENT TRIAL OUTING. THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS WILL TAKE PLACE ON APRIL 8, 9 AND 10.



THE NETHERLANDS. IN FLUSHING: QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS AFTER LAYING A WREATH AT THE STATUE OF ADMIRAL DE RUYTER.

On March 22 Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands laid a wreath at the foot of the statue of Holland's greatest sailor, Admiral Michiel de Ruyter, in Flushing, where he was born. There was also a special memorial service in St. Jacob's Church which opened the celebrations which are being held in commemoration of the 350th anniversary of De Ruyter's birth.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—IV.



KANSAS, U.S.A. A TRUCK FOLLOWING ON THE SNOW-PLUGH WHICH HAD MADE THE FIRST WAY THROUGH A STORM-BOUND ROAD NEAR DODGE CITY.

On March 23 and 24 what is described as the worst blizzard for thirty years swept America's Great Plains and huge drifts of snow were piled up in many states. Two famous expresses, *Golden State* and *City of St. Louis*, were stranded in the snow in Kansas.



KANSAS, U.S.A. PASSENGERS OF THE STRANDED *GOLDEN STATE EXPRESS* PEERING OUT OF THE DRIFTS OF SNOW, BEFORE THEIR RESCUE BY HELICOPTER.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. AN ALL-WEATHER AIRSHIP BEING TOWED INTO TAKE-OFF POSITION AT THE NAVAL AIR STATION, SOUTH WEYMOUTH. THE U.S. NAVY HAS DEMONSTRATED THAT AIRSHIPS CAN BE USED TO MAINTAIN A RADAR LOOKOUT IN ALL WEATHERS.



LAKE ATLIN, BRITISH COLUMBIA. A FORGOTTEN PHOTOGRAPH OF FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO, SHOWING A FRENCH THREE-WHEELER, CLAIMED AS THE FIRST CAR TO ENTER THE KLONDYKE. This photograph was recently turned out of a box in a cabin in Alaska and it shows a daring advertising stunt of 1900. This three-wheel vehicle was brought from Paris by *Le Figaro*, and, landing at Skagway, drove north over frozen Lake Atlin, where this photograph was taken, into the Klondyke. The little car, which flew the French flag, travelled several thousand miles over ice and snow with a maximum speed of 16 m.p.h.



ISRAEL. A MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT OF THE ISRAELI NAVY EXERCISING AT SPEED IN HAIFA BAY. ISRAEL HAS A NUMBER OF M.T.B.s OF THIS TYPE.

In recently published extracts from a book by two French journalists called "*Les Secrets de l'expédition d'Egypte*," it is claimed that the French destroyer *Kersaint*, off Haifa at the time the Egyptian frigate *Ibrahim el Awal* opened fire on Haifa, fired at the Egyptian ship before the latter was attacked by the Israelis and captured by them. The frigate, renamed *Haifa*, is now part of the Israeli Navy.



FORMERLY *IBRAHIM EL AWAL*, CAPTURED FROM THE EGYPTIANS IN OCTOBER AND NOW PART OF THE ISRAELI NAVY AS THE FRIGATE *HAIFA*. IT IS NOW CLAIMED THAT A FRENCH WARSHIP SHELLED HER ON OCTOBER 31.



RESIGNED FROM THE CABINET IN DISAGREEMENT OVER ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS'S RELEASE: THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL AND LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Late on March 29 an unexpected statement was issued from 10, Downing Street, announcing the resignation of the Marquess of Salisbury from the Cabinet. In his letter of resignation to the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury wrote: "You will have known, from what I have already told you, how disturbed I have been by the decision of my colleagues to release Archbishop Makarios, in the circumstances in which that action is being taken." After writing of the situation likely to arise from the Archbishop's release as "a sword of Damocles hanging over our heads," Lord Salisbury went on to

assure Mr. Macmillan of his strong, general support of the Government. Lord Salisbury, a notable elder statesman of the Conservative Party, has held Cabinet office continuously since 1951, and succeeded his father as the Conservative Leader in the House of Lords. The Earl of Home has been appointed to succeed Lord Salisbury both as Lord President of the Council and as Leader of the House of Lords, and will also retain his post as Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, to which he was appointed in April, 1955. He is succeeded as Deputy Leader of the House of Lords by Viscount Hailsham.

A MAGNIFICENT FIND OF HOMERIC GOLD AND GEMS FROM AN UNPLUNDERED TOMB AT NESTOR'S PYLOS, INCLUDING SUPERB INLAID DAGGERS.

By Professor Sp. Marinatos, Head of the Antiquities Department, Ministry of Education, Athens.

(In our issues of December 5, 1953, and January 16, 1954, we published two articles on the excavation by Professor Carl Blegen of the Palace of Nestor and a nearby tholos, or beehive tomb, at Englianos, near Pylos, on the west coast of the Peloponnese. In our issue of Aug. 27, 1955 we published a reconstruction of this palace by our artist Alan Sorrell, who had recently visited Pylos. In our issue of April 7, 1956, we repeated this drawing, together with another article by Professor Blegen describing further excavations on the site. Meanwhile PROFESSOR MARINATOS has been excavating at nearby Myrsinochorion and has discovered two more beehive tombs, one of which had its contents virtually intact. He here describes some of the most outstanding treasures; but a series of exquisite gem seals and pottery have been reserved for a later issue and will appear shortly.)

IN the course of the joint Greek-American excavations at Pylos, which are revealing a great Mycenaean centre as old and almost as

tomb, but from another tomb nearby in which there are two small vases at the feet of the skeleton, we judge both these burials to belong to the early Christian era (second century A.D.). It is interesting to note that when the man and boy were buried, the upper part of the door and the façade of the tholos above would be still visible.

Tomb I had been plundered again and again. On the floor of the tholos a Byzantine sherd of the fifteenth century A.D. was found. No body was found *in situ*, but two groups of vases, one Late Helladic II and the other Late Helladic III, were found. A gold leaf, some gold-plated beads, a bronze pin and some stone arrowheads were collected. At the southern end of the floor a bronze vessel had escaped the robbers. It is a frying-pan in excellent condition (Fig. 22). It was found horizontal and *in situ* and contained the last meal of the dead person, the bones of a joint of meat (lamb or kid) together with the remains of an unusual but much corroded silver vessel, whose reconstruction presents a real problem.

The second—and unplundered—sister-tholos was discovered about 65½ ft. (20 m.) to the south-west (Fig. 4). Its existence was suspected on the simple assumption that in Pylos tholos-tombs exist in pairs, just as at Mycenæ they lie in groups of three. In this district we have two tholos-tombs near the Palace, two at Tragana, near the shore, two at Pappoulia and two here.

The tomb was in rather bad condition. Indeed there was no sign of it beyond the fact that some tombs of the earliest Christian era lay between the two tholoi. The actual beehive superstructure is preserved only in the southern part and to a height not much more than 3 ft. The northern part collapsed in ancient times, perhaps some sixty or seventy years after its construction, and it is this accident we must thank for the precious discoveries. The tomb was abandoned forever and the funeral goods of those who had already been buried escaped the robbers, who always seem to have plundered later burials.

Above the tholos we found a few inches underground the skeleton of a calf and fragments of Hellenistic pottery. Below this there was nothing later than Late Helladic II (c. 1450-1400 B.C.) and this was very promising. The whole upper part was filled with the stones of the collapsed tholos, together with earth

through the solid ground and its sides were not walled. The diameter of the tholos floor is almost exactly 16 ft. 4½ ins. (5 m.). It was, therefore, a small tomb, not that of a king but of a Mycenaean prince—or, in the language of the Pylos tablets, not that of a VANAX but of a PASIREU or a LAVAGETA.

From earlier observations we know that, after every interment, there were libations, and wine was poured out in front of the door, the goblets being then broken and left on the spot; but here a whole wine-jar was brought to the door. Almost all the fragments were found and the jar was decorated with a reed pattern in the earliest Palace Style (c. 1500 B.C.). Other fragments of pottery belong to the same period. A fragment of a gold strip was found high in front of the door and this presumably was one of the objects plundered during a secondary interment.

The tholos contained one body on its floor and this was the last burial (Figs. 8 and 10). There are also two shafts in which between five and six persons were buried; and so the tomb contained six or seven burials before it collapsed. Only three of the bodies were found *in situ* and, in general,



FIG. 1. THE SITE OF THE TWO THOLOI OF RUTSI. IN THE FOREGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE PARTLY-COLLAPSED THOLOS OF TOMB I. THE THOLOS OF TOMB II IS A LITTLE FURTHER AWAY AMONG THE VINES.

important as Mycenæ itself, a discovery of the first importance after that of the Englianos Palace (reported in our issues of December 5, 1953, January 16, 1954, April 7, 1956) has just been made. A small but almost intact tholos tomb has been discovered and excavated near Myrsinochorion, about an hour-and-a-half to the north-east of the palace. The excavations lasted from August to October, 1956, and were financed, as in previous years, by the Archaeological Society of Athens.

The site, about 15 minutes to the north of the village mentioned above, is the summit of a ridge called Rutsi (Fig. 1). A small tholos tomb was already known there and it was expected that it would have been plundered. This tomb—Tomb I—was fairly well preserved and only the upper part of the tholos was missing (Figs. 1 and 3). The door is well preserved and a primitive relieving triangle exists over the lintel, which lies on the inner side of the door-jamb (Figs. 7 and 9). The door was walled up, the walling belonging to two different periods of interment. About 5 ft. (1.50 m.) in front of the door, a curious burial was found in the dromos (Fig. 9). A stone-covered shaft contained a human skeleton, with the hands folded on the breast. The skull shows the wound of a sword blow, and not only that; the head had been cut off at the neck and reversed, so that the back part of the head appeared instead of the face. The drama of this burial was increased by the fact that beyond the head of this decapitated man lay a small skeleton, belonging to a child of between four and six. There were no finds in this

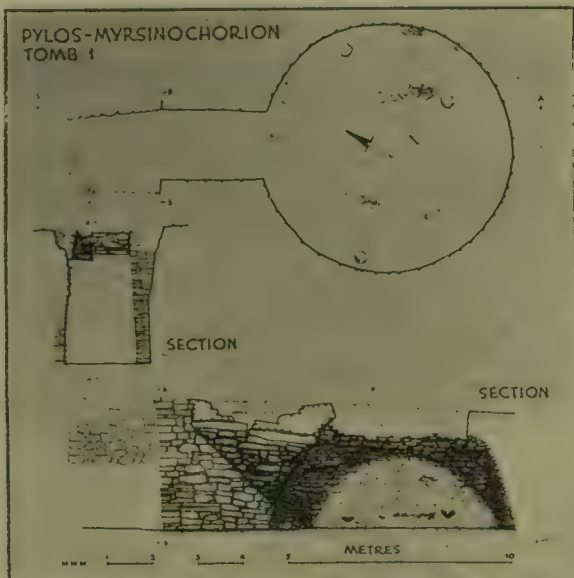


FIG. 3. THE PLAN AND SECTIONS OF TOMB I, THE THOLOS AT RUTSI, NEAR PYLOS, WHICH HAD BEEN PLUNDERED OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN ANTIQUITY. THE EARLY CHRISTIAN BURIAL CAN BE SEEN IN THE DROMOS.

and a few fragments of pottery (Fig. 4) down to the floor of the tholos. This floor was rather complex. A great bench was left along the southern part of the tholos, with a triangular one further east and the rest of the floor proper was about 31½ ins. (80 cm.) deeper than the foundations of the tholos wall. The door was walled up (Figs. 5 and 6), but there was no lintel. The dromos, as in all Pylos tholos tombs, was dug



FIG. 2. THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF PYLOS ON THE WEST COAST OF THE PELOPONNESE, TO SHOW THE SITE OF THE RECENTLY-EXCAVATED THOLOS TOMBS IN RELATION TO NESTOR'S PALACE. This small area has been famous in history in three widely different ages. First in Homeric times, when it was the capital of the Peloponnese, of whom the wise Nestor was the most famous member; next, in the fifth century B.C. when, in the Peloponnesian Wars, Cleon's general, Demosthenes, won a great victory for Athens in 425 B.C., as told by Thucydides; and finally in 1827 A.D. when the allied fleets of Britain, France and Russia, under Sir Edward Codrington, defeated the fleets of Turkey and Egypt in the Bay of Navarino.

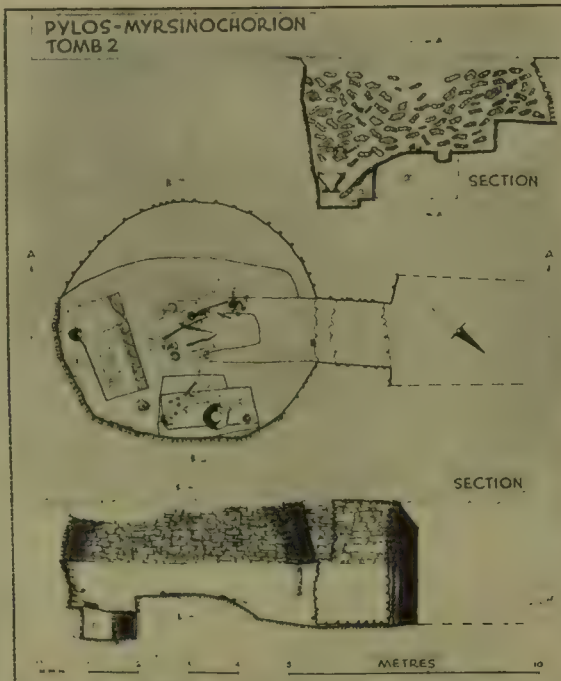


FIG. 4. TOMB II AT RUTSI—IN PLAN AND SECTIONS. THE UPPER SECTION SHOWS THE COLLAPSED ROOF—AN ANCIENT DISASTER WHICH PROBABLY SAVED THE CONTENTS FROM LATER PLUNDERING.

they were badly preserved. The body on the floor was a well-built man in the prime of life, with all his magnificent teeth preserved (Fig. 10); and he had been laid upon a rush mat or perhaps a thick blanket painted blue and red. The right foot lay on the left and both hands lay to the right side. Except for a two-pronged bronze object (Fig. 20) which may be a fire-hook, the PARATORO (i.e., *spalathron*) of the Pylos tablets, all the dead man's property was found on his right side. It consisted of about ten swords and daggers (some gold-riveted), a great spear-head, a mirror with an ivory handle (Figs. 24-26), a leather object, possibly the sheath of his sword, two cylinder seals, one Mycenaean and one Asiatic, about a dozen other gems of carnelian, agate, sardonyx and lapis

lazuli, a gold bead-seal and about a dozen vases. Everything was in bad condition (except the gems, of course) owing to the collapse of the tholos.

Shaft I was covered with stones of no great weight (Fig. 8). It contained the skeleton of a young princess, about fifteen years old. Nothing was found except a great necklace around the neck, of beautifully glazed polychrome beads; and there was a prismatic glass bead-seal on the right arm.

[Continued opposite.]

NEW-FOUND BEEHIVE TOMBS OF PYLOS—SOURCE OF A RICH TREASURE.



FIG. 5. TOMB II, SHOWING THE PARTLY-COLLAPSED WALLING-UP OF THE DOOR. AN AWNING PROTECTS THE WORK AGAINST THE UNCERTAIN WEATHER.



FIG. 6. TOMB II FROM INSIDE, SHOWING THE DOOR AND, IN THE FOREGROUND, THE BURIAL ON THE FLOOR, WITH VARIOUS SWORDS AMONG THE BONES.

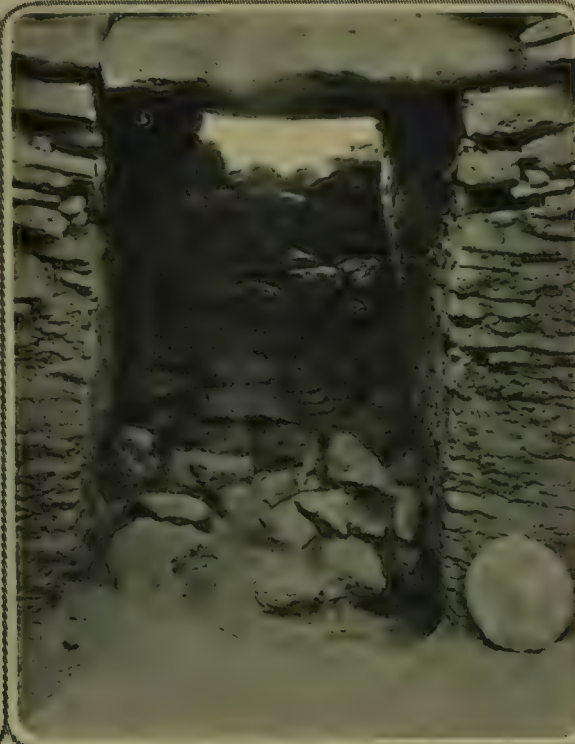


FIG. 7. INSIDE TOMB I—WHICH WAS EMPTY, THANKS TO ROBBERS—SHOWING THE SURVIVING LINTEL AND A ROUND STONE OF UNCERTAIN DATE.

Continued.

Shaft II was the main burial place of the tomb. It was covered with heavy slabs, on which stood, upside down, a great jar with octopus and seascape decoration. The upper dead person was still distinguishable, but three and perhaps four more skulls indicate that, in all, five persons were buried in this shaft. Only the property of the uppermost burial was still *in situ* and this was magnificent. Near the left hand on a sort of platform lay a superb inlaid dagger (Figs. 11, 14, 17). The blade was decorated with nautilus, alternately in silver and gold, swimming among sea creatures in gold, silver and niello. Nearby thirteen gold buttons (Fig. 13) in a characteristic position belonged, no doubt, to the leather or felt belt of the dagger. A shell cameo from Knossos shows a dagger with a belt and this belt has little dots indicating just such buttons. Beside the same hand

[Continued below.]



FIG. 8. THE FLOOR OF THE THOLOS, TOMB II. (CENTRE) THE FLOOR BURIAL, WITH SWORDS AND MIRROR; (RIGHT) THE COVERED SHAFT OF THE PRINCESS' GRAVE; AND (BACKGROUND) THE SHAFT GRAVE IN WHICH WERE THE GOLD-INLAID DAGGERS.



FIG. 9. THE DROMOS (OR APPROACH) TO THE DOOR OF TOMB I, WHICH WAS EMPTY. IN THE FOREGROUND THE EARLY CHRISTIAN BURIAL OF THE DECAPITATED MAN.



FIG. 10. THE BURIAL ON THE FLOOR OF TOMB II, TO SHOW THE LOWER JAW, WITH FINE TEETH, OF THE DEAD MAN. PART OF THE MIRROR AND THE SWORDS CAN BE SEEN.

Continued.

of the dead man was a small mirror and with it a bronze dagger with three gold rivets and a gold ring to the hilt. Another heap of gold rivets surely belonged to its leather sheath. In the right armpit of the dead man was found, almost perpendicularly laid, a second inlaid dagger, the hilt of pure gold, the blade decorated with cat-like animals in a rocky and wooded landscape, again in gold, silver and niello (Figs. 12, 15 and 16). A few other objects in bronze belonged perhaps to the same man. Huge necklaces of amber lay round the neck of this man, as they did round the man on the floor of the tomb.

No fewer than fifty-four beads (Fig. 23), the central ones about 2 ins. (5 cm.) in diameter, belonged to the dead man of the shaft grave and these were still in their original position. A few others had rolled a little distance away. The other finds in the shaft belonged to the earlier dead. Owing to plundering in ancient times they were not numerous, though no less precious. They include: a little silver goblet and fragments of a larger one; several gold leaves; a little gold spoon; some gems, among which was a wonderful gold-mounted sardonyx and a precious solid gold bead bearing in fine, almost microscopic

[Continued overleaf.]

THE SUPERB GOLD-INLAID DAGGERS OF PYLOS.

MAGNIFICENT TREASURES OF 3400 YEARS AGO.



FIG. 11. THE NAUTILUS-INLAID DAGGER AS IT WAS FOUND IN SHAFT 2 OF TOMB II, WITH (LEFT) THIRTEEN LARGE GOLD BUTTONS, ORIGINALLY ORNAMENTS THE DAGGER'S BELT.

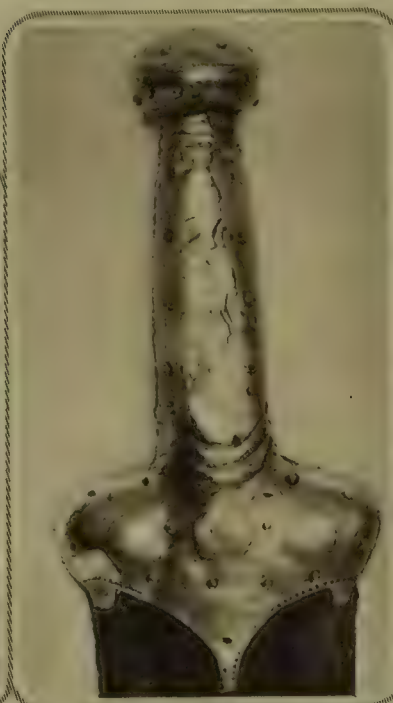


FIG. 12. THE MAGNIFICENT GOLD HILT OF THE LEOPARD DAGGER, SHOWING THE ORNAMENT.



FIG. 13. THE THIRTEEN GOLD BUTTONS FROM THE BELT OF THE NAUTILUS DAGGER (FIGS. 11 AND 14). REPRODUCED AT RATHER LESS THAN HALF ACTUAL SIZE.



FIG. 14. THE SUPERB NAUTILUS DAGGER (OVER 9 INS. LONG). THE DESIGN, THE SAME ON BOTH SIDES, IS INLAY OF GOLD, SILVER AND NIELLO.



FIG. 15. THE BEAUTIFUL INLAID LEOPARD DAGGER WITH GOLD HILT. THE DESIGN IN GOLD, SILVER AND NIELLO SHOWS STALKING LEOPARDS.



FIG. 16. DETAIL OF THE CENTRAL PART OF THE DESIGN OF THE LEOPARD DAGGER (FIG. 15), SHOWING A STALKING LEOPARD AND LANDSCAPE SYMBOLS



FIG. 17. ENLARGED DETAIL OF THE NAUTILUS DAGGER (FIG. 14). THE LEFT NAUTILUS IS SILVER, THE RIGHT GOLD. THE GROUND IS NIELLO.

Continued. engraving the capture of a bull. The net, the tree and the bull-fighter remind us of the famous gold cup from Vaphio, which is of the same period. (These gems, together with some fine pottery, will be illustrated in detail in a later issue.) About forty vases were found throughout the tholos, badly broken and with greater or smaller parts missing. With the exception of the burial on the floor, no vases were found *in situ* in the shafts. But it is of interest that the *disjecta membra* of the pottery of the shafts are earlier than the

pottery *in situ* with the floor burial. Some of them differ in clay and in varnish from the remainder—a group consisting of a stirrup vase and two beautiful ewers—and these are possibly imports from Crete. A span of sixty to seventy-five years (say 1500 to 1425 B.C.) is covered in the stylistic evolution of all the vases in the tomb. On the triangular bench, between the two shafts of the tomb, a painted plaster offering-table (Fig. 19) was found *in situ*. The central part is covered with an octopus painted in red and on the narrow lip

[Continued opposite.]

FROM PRINCELY TOMBS OF PYLOS: GRAVE GOODS AND TREASURES.



FIG. 18. SOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL FLINT AND OBSIDIAN ARROWHEADS, FROM TOMB II. THEY SEEM TO HAVE BEEN PART OF A FUNERAL SALVO.



FIG. 19. A PAINTED PLASTER OFFERING TABLE WITH A RED OCTOPUS DESIGN ON THE UPPER SURFACE. FOUND ON THE TRIANGULAR BENCH IN TOMB II.

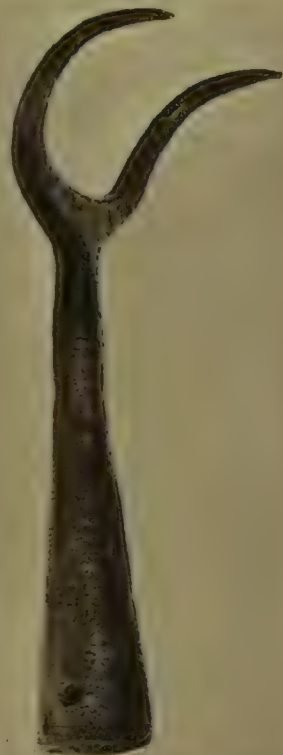


FIG. 20. A BRONZE FIRE-HOOK (*PARATORO* IN THE PYLOS TABLETS) FOUND LYING BY THE BURIAL ON THE FLOOR, TOMB II.



FIG. 21. A CYLINDRICAL IVORY PYXIS WITH A DECORATION OF SPIRALS AND LEAF-SPIRALS.



FIG. 22. ONE OF THE FEW FINDS FROM TOMB I: A BRONZE FRYING-PAN CONTAINING THE LAST MEAL OF THE DECEASED. THE VESSEL IS PERHAPS A *SI-TE* OF THE PYLOS TABLETS.



FIG. 23. TYPICAL AMBER BEADS FROM THE NECKLACE OF THE UPPER BURIAL IN SHAFT 2 OF TOMB II. MOST ARE LENTOID BUT ONE IS ROUND.

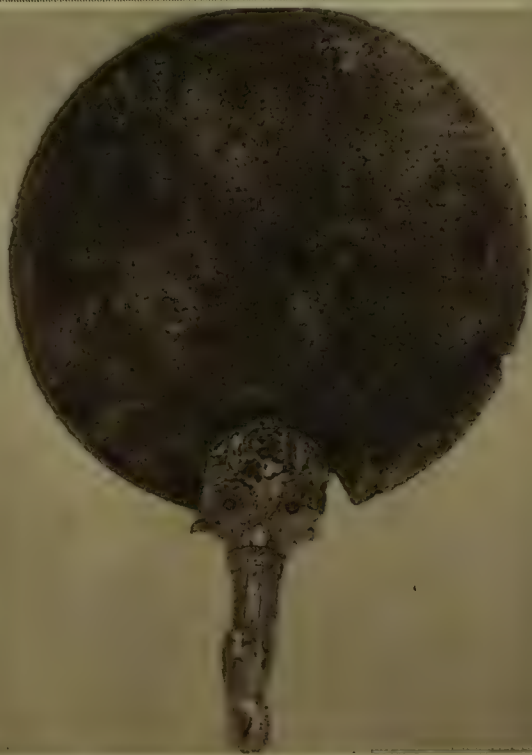


FIG. 24. A NOBLE BRONZE MIRROR WITH AN IVORY HANDLE, FOUND AMONG THE GRAVE GOODS OF THE MAN BURIED ON THE FLOOR OF *THOLOS* IN TOMB II.



FIG. 25. A DRAWING TO SHOW THE DETAIL OF THE IVORY MIRROR HANDLE (FIGS. 24 AND 26). HEIGHT OF IVORY c. 3½ INS.



FIG. 26. THE IVORY HANDLE OF THE MIRROR. TWO INTERMENTS IN TOMB II, BOTH OF MEN, HAD MIRRORS AS WELL AS WEAPONS AMONG THEIR GRAVE GOODS.

Continued. appears a leaf decoration. The significance of this object is apparent, as it was concerned with the cult of the dead. As this table was badly decomposed it was taken, with its surrounding earth, and sent to Crete, where the staff of the Italian Instituto del Restauro were working. After a month's hard work the table was restored. I must address my cordial thanks to Professor Doro Levi, the Director of the Italian Archæological School in Athens, and his skilled artist, Mr. Aly Caravella, for this difficult achievement. As a result of scientific observations made, two facts emerge. First, from arrangements noticed in three Pylos *tholos* tombs, it appears that the body was brought into the tomb in a chariot or car, as we see in the later Geometric vases. In this and in other tombs grooves exist which served

as guides for the wheels. Second, in all the Pylos tombs, many wonderful flint and obsidian arrowheads (Fig. 18) were collected. These arrowheads are especially numerous near the entrances to the tombs. In the case of this present tomb, which had been undisturbed or disturbed very little, it was found that all the bronze and stone arrowheads (with only one exception) discovered by the door, pointed in one direction, towards the interior of the tomb. We must suppose, therefore, that every burial was accompanied by salvos of arrows shot in honour of the dead or perhaps against the evil spirits. Even the use of stone arrowheads may perhaps be ascribed to religious conservatism, just as in Egypt some cult ceremonies were performed with stone implements.

A GREAT ART DEALER AND HIS FAMILY.

"THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF DUVEEN." By J. H. DUVEEN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE "rise" of the Duveen family culminated in the fantastic career of "Joe" Duveen, who made millions and millions and was duly rewarded with a peerage. Of him there was published, two or three years ago, a thoroughly entertaining life by a witty and sophisticated American, Mr. S. N. Behrman. In this new book the amusing side of that most famous of picture-dealers is hardly noticeable: Joe's first-cousin paints him in far darker colours, as a ruthless and malignant egoist who deliberately squeezed his brothers out of the family business, and set out to ruin his cousin by discrediting him in the eyes of his best customers. He is not, however, the dominating figure in this book that he was in the eyes of the collecting public on both sides of the Atlantic. He is not even represented as the most talented of the Duveens: his father, Joel Joseph (at the end Sir Joseph), and his uncle Henry (who, for many years, ran the American end) are represented as having had more genuine taste and been more brilliant as well as more agreeable. However, we may hear more about him later. The story of the House of Duveen, says our author, "begins with the penniless son of a ruined ironmaster in a small Dutch town, and ends with the death of a man whose wealth was estimated at nine million pounds. This volume will tell the story of the rise of the firm and its prosperity and progress during the life-time of its founders. It is my intention, if I am spared [he is now eighty-three] to complete the saga in another volume describing the period when Joe was the undisputed master."

"The penniless son of a ruined ironmaster" may have started the firm we know, but he certainly didn't originate the family tradition of dealing in antiques. Mr. Duveen opens his book with a pedigree. The first name recorded is Joel Joseph, of whom it is said that he was an "Art-Dealer in Paris, mid-18th century, descended in female line from Eberhard Jabach." Jabach was a rich merchant-banker, head of a family which had fled from persecution in Spain. He was the greatest buyer at the sale of King Charles the First's astonishing collection, which was stolen and sold by the usurpers who thought the pictures were too "idoltrous" to remain in this saintly country, but well worth selling to Continental idolaters: it's a pity that they didn't think of marketing our great treasure of stained-glass and statuary instead of sending out touring zealots to hammer it to bits. When Jabach returned from this sale of "nationalised" property it is said that "he re-entered Paris at the head of a convoy of waggons loaded with artistic conquests, like a Roman victor at the head of a triumphal procession." But he had reverses and found himself forced to sell 110 pictures to Louis XIV, "and this was the nucleus around which the famous Louvre collection was formed."

Well, there, in Paris, was Joel Joseph, who had two sons, Moses Joel and Levy Joel; Mr. Duveen is descended in the maternal line from the elder

and in the paternal line from the younger. The age of compulsory surnames had not yet come: the family tree looks very Biblical and one automatically finds oneself saying that Joel Joseph begat Moses Joel, who begat Joseph Moses, who begat Henoah Joseph Duveen (here at last a surname is adopted), who begat Joseph Henoah Duveen, who begat Joel Joseph Duveen (later Sir Joseph), who begat Joe (later Lord Duveen) and eleven other children. When two great-grandsons of Joel Joseph emigrated to Holland during the French Revolution "both men dealt in antiques." "My grandfather, Jacob Levy Hangjas," says Mr. Duveen, "was born in Haarlem in 1819. He and his two brothers were all antique dealers, but my grandfather also dealt in old metals. He had two large warehouses for his wholesale antique business, as well as a warehouse and wharf on the wide river Spaarne for the breaking-up of steamers. Before I was ten years old, I spent a good deal of time in the two warehouses where the old porcelain and pottery were stored, and it was in these warehouses that my uncle, Joel Duveen, made his first purchases. Jacob Hangjas had four sons and two daughters, all of whom, with the exception of the youngest daughter, Jeannette, became antique dealers."

However, "my uncle, Joel Duveen," certainly didn't begin in pictures or in any other kind of antiques. Things weren't going well for the

mistake I have ever made in my life, for if I had not been so eager to be my own master, I am certain that they would have given me a partnership in time and then I would have become the Pierpont Morgan of the world's produce market instead of the head of what is after all, only a retail business.' And at the time that he spoke these words Joel Duveen had just bought the Rodolphe Kann Collection for one million pounds!"

I hate generalising about any multitude of people, of any race, or of either sex: I have known

too many noble exceptions to all the proverbial tags. But this book does tempt one to generalisations. The Chosen People (as they think themselves) have had to fight for a living throughout all recorded ages, and move from home to home, ultimately getting back to a tiny little Mediterranean strip, which is coveted by Nasser, who wishes to re-establish the old Pharaonic Empire, as Hitler wanted to re-establish the Holy Roman Empire and Mussolini the Merely Roman Empire. The acuteness of the struggle and the careful breeding have made the Jews unique amongst the races of mankind. We see it here in the collecting world, collecting of pictures, of bronzes, of china and of furniture.

A profit must be made if possible. But if the profit is to be made out of a beautiful thing, how painful it is to part with the beautiful thing. Throughout this book there is the conflict between the utter love of beautiful things and the desire to make a deal on them. The Duveens were both aesthetes and merchants. As one reads this book one's Fairy Prince is not one who fights a dragon or rescues a Princess, but one who knows better than someone else in the auction-rooms. "Most of the smaller antique dealers," says Mr. Duveen, "were rather ignorant, but I noticed that by careful search in these little shops it was possible to make interesting finds at small cost."

That sort of excitement can be got in plenty from this book. And, apparently, his cousin and brother-in-law, Lord Duveen, knew no love for the things he purchased, and felt no pang when he parted from them. The love and the pang are both here.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 558 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. JAMES H. DUVEEN.

Mr. James H. Duveen was born in Haarlem, Holland, in 1873. He married his cousin, Esther, the sister of Lord Duveen, in 1911. Mr. Duveen lived in Holland until 1891, he then came to England and was naturalised in 1904. During the next decade or so he visited Naples, Florence, Berlin and Madrid, where he studied in the museums, having retired from his business, that of a dealer in works of art. His autobiography was published in two volumes in 1935 and 1936.



AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: THE SELECTION COMMITTEE DECIDING WHICH OF THE WORKS SUBMITTED SHOULD BE ACCEPTED FOR THE SUMMER EXHIBITION, WHICH OPENS ON MAY 4.

This photograph of the Royal Academy Selection Committee at work was taken on March 26, and shows (l. to r.) Mr. Alan Durst, A.R.A., Mr. William Dring, R.A., Mr. Andrew Freeth, A.R.A., Mr. William McMillan, R.A., Mr. John Nash, R.A., Mr. Charles Cundall, R.A., Mr. Charles Wheeler (President of the Royal Academy), Mr. Ruskin Spear, R.A., Mr. Carel Weight, A.R.A., Mr. B. Fleetwood-Walker, R.A., Mr. Arnold Machin, R.A., Lord Methuen, A.R.A., and Mr. R. O. Dunlop, R.A. Two other members of the Selection Committee, Mr. Marshall Sisson, A.R.A., and Mr. Louis de Soissons, R.A., were also present but cannot be seen in this photograph.

N.B.—This photograph has no connection with the book under review.

family in Holland, and he decided to migrate to England with a letter of introduction from an uncle to "old friends of his, Messrs. Dumouriez and Gotschalk of Hull, wholesale importers of Dutch produce." He started at 15s. a week: the young man who was ultimately to deal in Holbeins and Correggios had to concentrate on Hams and Cheeses. Time after time he made profitable suggestions to his employers; time after time he got a rise; in the end he thought that he had performed well enough to ask for a partnership. It was refused. "When I asked him why they objected to me as a partner, Mr. Dumouriez reflected for a moment, and then said, 'Look here, Duveen, we have the greatest respect for your cleverness and your energy and we like you; but we are old men, and if we take you on as a junior partner you will be too strong for us. We should not be able to restrain you, and in a year's time you would be our master. And that, young man, is the reason that we are willing to do anything except give you this partnership.' And then, my uncle continued, 'I made the greatest

* "The Rise of the House of Duveen." By J. H. Duveen. Illustrated. (Longmans; 18s.)



ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING TREASURES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE "ROYAL GOLD CUP OF THE KINGS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND" (WITH DETAIL OF COVER BELOW), DECORATED IN ENAMELS WITH SCENES FROM THE LEGEND OF ST. AGNES. (Height: 9½ ins. Weight 68½ ozs.)

A GREAT MEDIÆVAL MASTERPIECE: THE ROYAL GOLD CUP.

TREASURES and masterpieces of every age and description are to be found in the huge Edward VII Gallery at the British Museum. One of the most beautiful, interesting and precious of these is the "Royal Gold Cup of the Kings of France and England," which "is the one representative left to us of mediæval secular plate in its most sumptuous development." The solid gold cup is decorated with scenes, in enamels, from the legend of St. Agnes, virgin and martyr, which adorn the exterior and interior of the cover and bowl. The symbols of the evangelists round the stem and foot are also in enamel work, all of which is "executed by the process known as translucent on sunk relief (*basse taille*)."

The expanses of plain gold are pounced or stippled with delicate scroll-work. In his monograph on the cup (from which the information and quotations given here are taken) the late

[Continued opposite.]



Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

[Continued.]

Mr. O. M. Dalton states that the cup may well have been made in Paris in the year 1380. It is known that the cup was given to Charles VI of France, by his uncle, the Duc de Berry, in 1391. It is not known how its next owner, the Duke of Bedford, obtained the cup, which he sent to England in 1434. On the Duke's death in the following year it passed to his nephew, the young King Henry VI. By 1449 the cup was certainly in the Royal collection, and it is found in inventories of the Crown Jewels of Elizabeth I's reign. There are two additions to the stem—a gold band coarsely ornamented with applied Tudor roses in red and white enamel and, above this, a band with a Latin inscription recording how the cup became the property of the Constable of Castile, to whom it was presented in 1604 by James I. In 1610 the Constable presented the cup to the Convent of St. Clara in Madina de Pomar, where it remained until 1883, when the community decided to sell their great treasure in France. The first purchaser was Baron Jérôme Pichon. In 1891, after earlier hesitation, the British Museum acquired this unique and historic piece for £8000.



THE STATE VISIT TO FRANCE: HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

Portrait study by Baron Studios.



THE STATE VISIT TO FRANCE: H.R.H. THE PRINCE PHILIP, DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Portrait study by Baron Studios.



SCOTLAND'S GREAT NATIONAL HERO: A NEW STATUETTE OF THE BRUCE, ROBERT I, BEFORE BANNOCKBURN.

The National Trust for Scotland has arranged an exhibition, for the purpose of raising funds, of the original plaster model for the statuette of the Bruce illustrated above. The plaster model and the finished work, which is in cast aluminium, painted and overlaid with gold and platinum leaf, are in appearance similar in all respects. The exhibition was arranged to be held at the Salon of Messrs. Doig, Wilson and Wheatley in George Street, Edinburgh, for the fortnight beginning April 1. The statuette is by

Mr. C. d'O. Pilkington Jackson, A.R.S.A., F.R.B.S., in collaboration with Mr. H. Russell Robinson, Assistant to the Master of the Armouries, H.M. Tower of London, and the model was exhibited by courtesy of Colonel Eric Harvie, of Calgary, Alberta, who commissioned the work. The victor of Bannockburn is shown much as he must have appeared shortly before the battle—at dawn on June 24, 1314—surveying the English forces. The height of the statuette is 31 ins., without pedestal.

Colour photograph by Paul Shillabeer, F.R.P.S., reproduced by kind permission of Colonel Eric Harvie.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

LUNGWORT OR "SPOTTED DOG."

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

A FEW weeks ago a good neighbour gave me a generous clump of *Pulmonaria rubra*, which is surely the most attractive of the Lungworts or "Spotted Dogs." I grew *P. rubra* during the years that I gardened at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, but during the ten years since I came to the Cotswolds, I had been without it. It is, however, one of those plants which one can lose, and live without, and not miss too acutely,

"Doctrine of Signatures" these markings suggested ulcerated and spotted lungs, and in connection with the old "Doctrine of Signatures" Robert Turner tells us "God hath imprinted upon the plants, herbs, and flowers, as it were in hieroglyphics, the signature of their virtues." Thus, the blotched and spotted leaves of the *Pulmonaria* resembling lung disease, the plants were, therefore, a sovereign remedy for such complaints. The origin of the other common name "Spotted Dog" is more direct and obvious.

the mark. And yet, heaven help any waiter who brought me a dish of cold salmon the colour of *Pulmonaria rubra*. If I had to fall back upon some culinary analogy I would be inclined to say anchovy sauce toned down with a *soupeon* of mayonnaise. Doubtless I could run the exact tone of red to earth in the official colour chart. But what help would that be to my readers, when not one in a hundred thousand of them possesses a copy of that work, or lives within reasonable borrowing distance of one. The best I can do is to compromise by describing the colour of the flowers as a pleasant light red, inclining to yellow rather than to blue. My newly-acquired plant has apparently been in flower for several weeks, and looks like carrying on the good work for several weeks to come.

There are two wild British species of Lungwort, *Pulmonaria angustifolia*, which is fairly common in Hampshire, Dorsetshire, and the Isle of Wight, with pink flowers changing to blue. Its flowering season is given as February to June. The other British species, *Pulmonaria officinalis*, the Common Lungwort, has white-spotted leaves and purple flowers. It is rare, and though

Pulmonaria azurea, or "Mawson's Blue," is, I would say, rather dwarfer and more compact in habit than *P. rubra*, and its flowers are a true, pure sapphire-blue. No nonsense of fading to pink or purplish tones. Most certainly I shall have to hunt around for a root of this excellent plant, to join *P. rubra* at the base of a huge bush of *Paonia delavayii*, in a wall-sheltered bed facing west.

During the past winter—at least, I hope it is past and done with—I sustained a tiresome and sad-making loss. The whole of my stock of seed tubers of a most interesting antique variety of potato known as "China Orange" was taken by rats. "China Orange" is probably the oldest variety in cultivation. It dates back well over a



PULMONARIA AZUREA, OR "MAWSON'S BLUE": "RATHER DWARFER AND MORE COMPACT IN HABIT THAN P. RUBRA, AND ITS FLOWERS ARE A TRUE, PURE SAPPHIRE-BLUE." (Photograph by D. F. Merrett.)

and not yearn for its recovery too painfully. Yet it is a very pleasant thing to welcome back among one's less sensational plants. The *Pulmonarias* are like that. Quiet, well-behaved citizens. What one might call lower middle-class plants, of a type which form the groundwork and the backbone of the greater part of the garden. Pleasant enough to look at, without a trace of flamboyance; easy to please in the matter of soil, and leading exemplary lives—although it has been written, not without some justification, that "the species inter-breed promiscuously." Ah, well! The best plants do it.

As I have said, the Lungworts are easy to please in the garden. All are content with any reasonable soil, and are happiest in partial shade. It is a good plan to lift the clumps and divide them every two or three years, in order to keep them vigorous and floriferous, and they associate well with such spring-flowering things as primroses and polyanthus primroses, in all colours, scillas, hepaticas, *Anemone appennina*, and small, modest, well-behaved, early-flowering narcissi. Some of the Lungworts have the odd trait of seeming to be in two minds as to what colour they wish their flowers to be. They open pink and then change to purplish-blue, so that a medley of different colours and intermediate tones will be out at the same time. The effect of this muddled thinking is neither particularly attractive nor unpleasing. And there is nothing one can do about it. The only thing is to accept and recognise it as funny without being vulgar, or else just not grow the species which behave in this way.

Some of the *Pulmonarias*, and especially *P. saccarata*, have very striking leaves, variously spotted and blotched with paler green and milky-white upon a normal green ground, and are well worth growing for their foliage alone. It was from these blotched and spotted leaves that the names *Pulmonaria* and Lungwort were derived. According to the ancient

sometimes found as a garden escape, is probably only truly wild in Hampshire and Dorsetshire. But for garden purposes by far the most important of the Lungworts are *Pulmonaria rubra*, and *Pulmonaria azurea*, often known as "Mawson's Blue." Both grow to a height of 6 to 9 or perhaps sometimes 12 ins.

The flowers of *Pulmonaria rubra* are light red in colour, but a red most difficult to describe and define. The R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening gives it as "bright brick-red." No, no! I shudder to think of a brick house that colour. Then, too, I have seen it described as salmon. That is nearer



THE "SIGNATURE" FROM WHICH PULMONARIA OR LUNGWORT DERIVES ITS NAME: THE "STRIKING LEAVES, VARIOUSLY SPOTTED AND BLOTCHED WITH PALER GREEN AND MILKY-WHITE UPON A NORMAL GREEN GROUND." (Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.)

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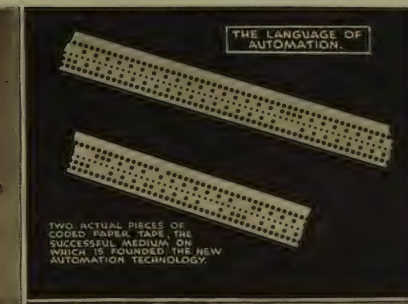
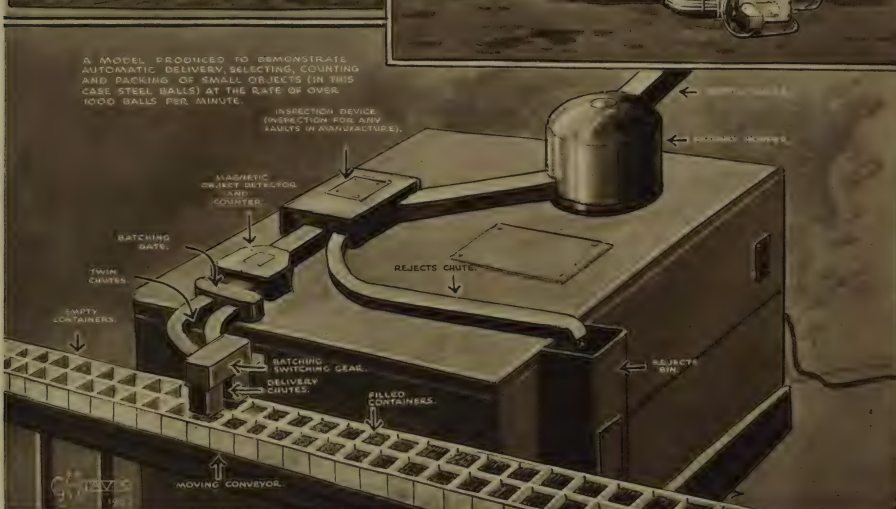
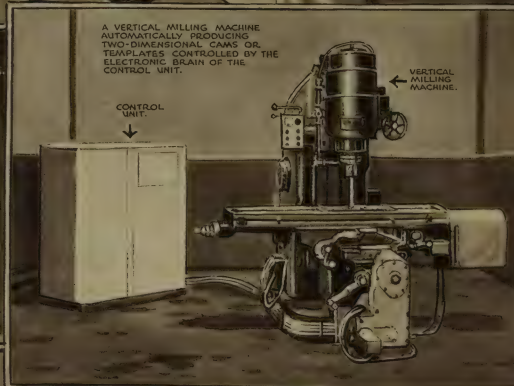
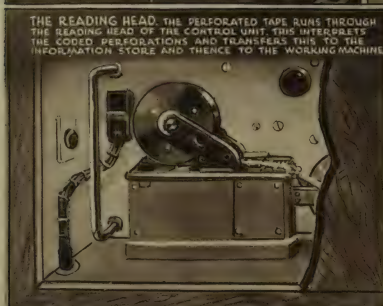
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hundred years. I was given a few tubers of it over thirty years ago and have grown it year after year ever since. Two years ago I lost all but two or three small tubers. From these I grew a small crop, enough to give me a real crop this coming summer, and then this winter rats took the whole lot in a couple of nights. And the strange thing was they left no evidence of their crime. No half-gnawed tubers, and no visiting card, no token of contempt. I put down poison and this was taken, which proved that it was rats, and, incidentally, gave me some satisfaction.

"China Orange" is a roundish potato, very hard and firm, and with curiously deep-set eyes which are the despair of any conventionally minded cook. It was particularly good when well scrubbed and roasted, *en chemise*, in the gravy around the joint. And now, so soon after the return of real joints, after years of a microscopic gobbet of meat each week, "China Orange" has been taken from me.



AUTOMATION: THE FORM OF NEW INDUSTRIAL TECHNIQUES WHICH PROMISE A UTOPIAN ABUNDANCE, BUT OFFER AS WELL THE THREAT OF "REDUNDANCY."

Automation, while perhaps new as a "word of power," is far from modern as a technique, and simply meets the mechanical as opposed to the human control of an operation or series of operations. The new aspects are the political and social reactions which it is causing—though even for these there are earlier parallels—and its rapid recent development, thanks to the use of electronics and paper-tape techniques. It is this last aspect which is illustrated in the drawings above. Automation is regarded by those who are to be most directly affected by it as a mixed blessing. On the one hand—as even some trade union spokesmen have publicly acknowledged—

there is the prospect of a wonderful abundance of goods for all, together with the abolition of most of the drudgery of present-day mass production. On the other hand, there has been much detailed speculation on the possible social and economic dangers of automation. A Report published by the British Department of Scientific and Industrial Research concludes: "One truth stands out from this Report—the imperfections of present knowledge of the economic and social aspects of automation, when compared with the knowledge of the technical possibilities." That automation must be introduced in this country is not seriously doubted, although opinions differ as

to how quickly this should be done and as to the safeguards necessary to protect, in particular, unskilled labour. Dr. A. King, Chief Scientific Officer of the D.S.I.R., has expressed the view that automation will come too slowly for the public good—owing rather to shortage of technologists than to any widespread displacement of labour. One danger in this respect is that British trade will suffer through other countries' "automating" rapidly, thus being able to undersell British firms and to offer earlier delivery dates. It has been pointed out that Russia already has a Minister of Automation. The general view of the trades unions appears to be that there must be full

consultation between managements and union leaders well in advance of any change to automation. One body, affiliated to the T.U.C., the Association of Supervisory Staffs, Executives and Technicians, has called for rapid introduction of automation. The policy on automation of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, adopted last year, is that there should be no redundancy caused by automation and that increased productivity must be accompanied by increased wages. The Electrical Trades Union, which, like the A.E.U., has fairly strong Communist elements, considered, but finally rejected, a proposal that there should be no dismissals whatever through the introduction of automation.

THE RECENT ZAMBESI RIVER FLOODS.



NEAR LIVINGSTONE WHERE THE FLOOD LEVEL WAS AT ITS HIGHEST: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE TURBULENT WATERS OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER.



PARTLY-SUBMERGED AT THE HEIGHT OF THE RECENT ZAMBESI FLOODS: THE POWER STATION AT VICTORIA FALLS.



AT THE PEAK OF THE FLOOD: EMPLOYEES PASSING BRICKS FROM HAND TO HAND IN AN ATTEMPT TO PROTECT THE VICTORIA FALLS POWER STATION.

At the time of writing it is reported from Southern Rhodesia that the level of the Zambesi River is falling 3 ins. daily at Livingstone where the flood level was at its highest on March 19. The flood peak has also been passed at Kariba, where earlier there had been serious fears that the waters might cause major damage to the £80,000,000 Kariba Gorge hydro-electric project. On March 18 more than 1500 African and European industrial workers were thrown idle by the shutting down of the partly-submerged Victoria Falls power station near Livingstone. At the height of the battle against the rising waters of the Zambesi thirty of the power station staff were ordered to abandon the buildings, and nine men carried on the fight knowing that if the pumps failed or the walls cracked under the pressure they would be in grave danger. A slender suspension bridge was their only means of escape from the gorge.

ROYAL OCCASIONS—LONDON AND SWEDEN.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKING TO SCHOOLBOYS WHO HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR COACHING AT THE SCHOOL OF THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY CRICKET CLUB. On March 26 Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, visited the indoor cricket school of the Middlesex County Cricket Club in Finchley; and while there talked with secondary schoolboys who have been selected as good enough to benefit by advanced coaching.



PRINCESS BIRGITTA OF SWEDEN (SECOND FROM LEFT) WHO IS TRAINING AS A GYMNASTICS TEACHER TAKING PART IN A CLASS DEMONSTRATION WHICH WAS WATCHED BY HER GRANDFATHER, KING GUSTAF ADOLF OF SWEDEN. PRINCESS BIRGITTA IS TWENTY YEARS OLD.

THE QUEEN AT REPTON SCHOOL: A ROYAL VISIT TO MARK THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FAMOUS DERBYSHIRE SCHOOL.

DURING their visit to Derbyshire on March 28, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent three-and-a-half hours at Repton School, which is this year celebrating the 400th anniversary of its foundation by Sir John Port. At the end of the visit her Majesty was reminded of a family connection with the founder, for she received a bound genealogical table showing her to be the fourteenth direct descendant, on her mother's side, of Sir John Port. On arrival at the school the Queen and the Duke were welcomed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, who is Chairman of the governing body and was headmaster from 1914-32, and by the present headmaster, Mr. T. Lynam Thomas. The Royal visitors first saw the Old Priory, which has been

[Continued below.]

(Right.) DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO REPTON SCHOOL ON MARCH 28: BOYS EAGERLY TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS AS THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE HEADMASTER AND A PREFECT, WALKS DOWN THE STEPS FROM PEARS' SCHOOL.



HER MAJESTY PASSING A DISPLAY OF SAILING CRAFT. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE SPENT 3½ HOURS AT THE SCHOOL, DURING WHICH THEY MADE A DETAILED TOUR.



N. ETHERINGTON-SMITH—A GREAT-GREAT-NEPHEW OF REPTON'S MOST FAMOUS HEADMASTER, DR. PEARS—OFFERING HER MAJESTY A PAIR OF SCISSORS AT THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE KINDERSLEY GATEWAY.



A GIFT FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL: THE QUEEN WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION OF A MODEL STEAM ENGINE PRESENTED TO HER BY THE SCHOOL.

[Continued.] the centre of the school since its foundation. Here there was an exhibition which traced the fortunes of the school from 1705 to the headmastership of Dr. S. A. Pears (1854-74), which saw the firm establishment of Repton as a leading public school. Escorted by prefects, the Queen and the Duke saw many of the school activities and facilities. They then had lunch in the school dining-room with fifty-six boys representing every age group. Four pages of photographs of Repton School appeared in our issue of March 2.



A MINIATURE SILVER TEA-SET FOR PRINCESS ANNE BEING PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN; THESE GIFTS WERE BOTH MADE IN THE SCHOOL'S METAL WORKSHOP.



I WONDER how many who from time to time are able to tread the streets of Florence do much more than glance at the great gilded

bronze doors of the Baptistery? A dozen other magnificent sculptures, whether of bronze or marble, remain vividly in the memory in some detail—Michelangelo's David, for example, Dawn and Night, Donatello's David, Cellini's Perseus, Verocchio's enchanting little boy with the dolphin—but the Baptistery doors, with their varied scenes of the history of salvation, are too complicated to be absorbed by any ordinary pair of eyes in a single afternoon, and the majority of us are content to have avoided the traffic in the street and to take the genius of Lorenzo Ghiberti as read. Here* is a monumental work by Dr. and Mrs. Krautheimer which had its inception in 1933, which reproduces in splendid detail all Ghiberti's work, which discusses the artist's career, his theories, his relationship to the art of the century; it is fully, exhaustively documented with copious notes and a bibliography running to 539 items—in short, a weighty volume in every sense of the word, wholly unsuitable, and not in the least intended, for casual reading; German-American scholarship at its most precise and exhaustive, leaving nothing unsaid and saying everything at enormous length. Unquestionably it will remain an invaluable reference book for at least a generation; Ghiberti now joins other great names who have been the subject of a single authoritative monograph.

He was born in 1381 or 1378—in later years he seems to have pushed back the date in order to establish his legitimacy—and died in 1455. It is a success story, one of thousands disproving the romantic nonsense that good artists are not interested in money but live for art alone. The documentary evidence and his own account of his career—the latter delightfully matter-of-fact, not to say naïve—show clearly enough what a careful, methodical man of business he was, and, as the authors point out, how clever at extricating himself from difficulties. "Beyond question, the man who managed to keep not a single deadline and still remain in the good graces of the contracting parties, who managed to pay none of the stipulated fines, yet never to lose a commission, or to fail to recover it after temporary loss, who managed to harvest ever new orders and to juggle three or

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

FLORENTINE BRONZE-FOUNDER; AND THE ART OF ISLAM.

more major jobs at the same time—this man can only have been a supreme negotiator. . . . In any case, those who are not convinced of his character by the documents need only look at the two self-portraits, that on the North Door, done when he was about forty (Pl. 136A), and the late one, on the Gates of Paradise, which shows him at seventy or thereabouts (Pl. 136B). The latter seems specially revealing, perhaps because he has

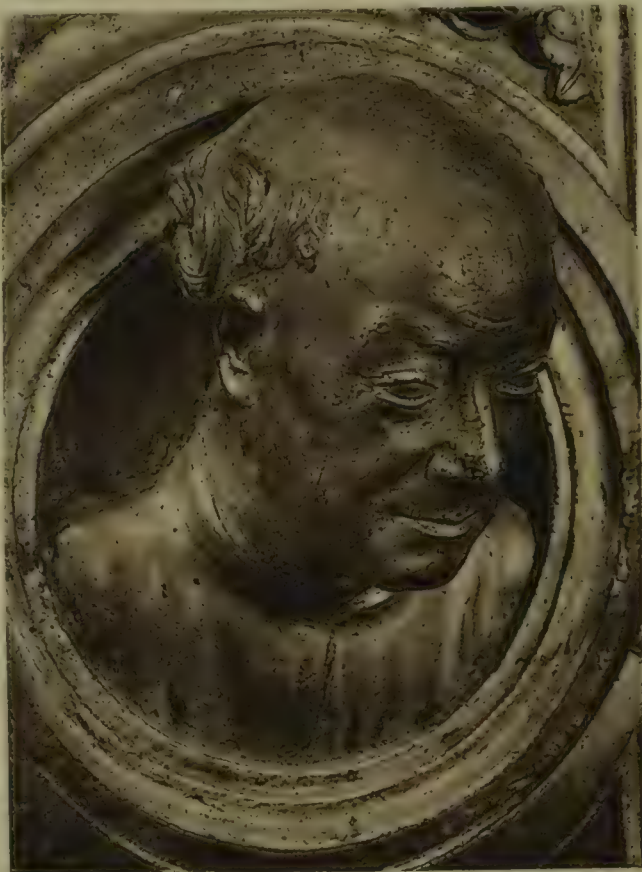
portrayed himself without head covering—as the authors remark, "shrewd, witty and worldly-wise." One feels he would make an excellent speech at the Royal Academy banquet.

The avowed aim of the book is to restore him to a dominant position in the art of his day, a position which writers during the past two centuries or so have, apparently, been inclined to deny him. Immense pains and learning and a vast quantity of ink are expended upon this task; the result would be even more impressive, as far as I am concerned, had I realised that he required rehabilitation. I should have thought that the most cursory examination of the Baptistery doors alone or of the illustrations in this book could scarcely fail to establish him as one of the world's great sculptors without reference to the

opinion of others, so that the meticulous examination of everything that has ever been said about him becomes a curiously artificial exercise, and such questions as whether he was greater or less than, say, Donatello, or to what extent he was familiar with Roman sculpture, matters of very little consequence. The key to the man's career is surely to be found in this vivid phrase from his autobiography—"I conducted this work with the greatest diligence and with the greatest love"—words he uses more than once. They bring warmth to what can so easily become a mere academic wrangle among learned men—who, I might add, in a fascinating chapter entitled rather forbiddingly "Humanists and Artists," do not reveal themselves as particularly sensitive.

Reading this over, I find myself smitten with remorse lest I, have given the impression that the book is wholly concerned with academic non-essentials, whereas, in fact, my only real criticism is that the immensely learned authors could have pruned more thoroughly and have conveyed their meaning with greater clarity. They make very considerable demands upon their readers, but once you submit to the iron discipline they impose, you emerge, exhausted perhaps, but exhilarated. They take you firmly by the hand and lead you to every surviving work—the Competition Relief now in the Bargello which won the victory over Brunelleschi; the St. Matthew and the St. John still at the Church of Or San Michele; then, in great detail, the doors of the Baptistery; the font at Siena, and the other bronzes at Florence. Finally comes a lengthy series of illustrations by other hands—painters and sculptors—which have a bearing upon the main theme, including details of Roman reliefs which Ghiberti adapted to his own purposes. All this is done with a wealth of references to the climate of opinion concerning art matters in Italy during and after Ghiberti's career, to his own published theories, and to the civic politics of Florence. It is a most remarkable performance, and from henceforth no one will be able to complain that information concerning the life and works of Lorenzo Ghiberti is hard to come by. It is all here, within the compass of a single volume.

Islamic Art is likely to remain puzzling and mysterious to the majority of the inhabitants of the West for many years to come. This is not because it is not easily recognisable, but because it was produced over so many centuries in so vast a region—from India to Spain—and because few of us find it easy to steer our way through the complex and blood-stained history of the rise and fall of dynasties from the death of the Prophet in A.D. 632 to the Mughal Empire in India. Here† is a volume which is an admirable introduction to the whole subject, illustrated by a hundred colour plates of pottery and textiles, and preceded by a thoughtful preface by Mr. R. P. Wilson. What would have helped us to follow his narrative, lucid though that is, would have been a list of comparative dates showing who conquered whom in what area, and when. It is flattering to find our own erudition taken for granted, but the weaker vessels among us—and I include myself—would be grateful for just that amount of definite information. That having been said, these hundred plates and Mr. Wilson's commentary are a delight, and one finally closes the book with renewed admiration for the superb sense of colour and pattern which these anonymous craftsmen possessed in so precarious a world. The illustrations include some noble examples which are readily accessible in Paris and London and the United States, many whose present whereabouts is unknown, and certain rugs preserved in such odd corners of the world as the Protestant Churches of Szasz-Hermány and of Brassó, Transylvania.



"SPECIALLY REVEALING, PERHAPS BECAUSE HE HAS PORTRAYED HIMSELF WITHOUT HEAD COVERING": LORENZO Ghiberti's SELF-PORTRAIT (SEEN IN PROFILE) ON THE BRONZE GATES OF PARADISE AT THE FLORENCE BAPTISTERY.



THE COMPETITION RELIEF (ILLUSTRATING THE STORY OF ABRAHAM AND ISAAC) WHICH WON FOR Ghiberti the commission to execute the new Baptistery doors. It is illustrated in "LORENZO Ghiberti," by Richard Krautheimer, in collaboration with Trude Krautheimer-Hess, which is reviewed here by Frank Davis.

These illustrations from "Lorenzo Ghiberti" are reproduced by courtesy of the publisher.

* "Lorenzo Ghiberti." By Richard Krautheimer, in collaboration with Trude Krautheimer-Hess. With 146 Plates. (Princeton University Press. Distributed in this country by Oxford University Press; £12.)

† "Islamic Art." With an Introductory Essay by Ralph Pinder Wilson. 100 Plates in Colour. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 5 gns.)

WORKS FROM THE BIRMINGHAM CITY ART GALLERY: A LONDON EXHIBITION.



"SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE AND THE DOGANA, VENICE," BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-93): IN THE INTERESTING LOAN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE CITY ART GALLERY, BIRMINGHAM, WHICH CONTINUES AT THOS. AGNEW AND SONS, 43, OLD BOND STREET, UNTIL MAY 4. (Oil on canvas; 13½ by 21½ ins.)



"ROSES IN A GLASS VASE," BY HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE (1836-1904), WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO THE GALLERY LAST YEAR. MANY OF THE WORKS SELECTED FOR THIS EXHIBITION ARE RECENT ACQUISITIONS. (Oil on canvas; 14½ by 14½ ins.)



"A GIRL WITH A BIRD ON HER WRIST," BY GIUSEPPE-MARIA CRESPI (1665-1747): ONE OF THREE NOTABLE PAINTINGS FROM THE ERNEST E. COOK BEQUEST. (Oil on canvas; 24½ by 19 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN"; A STRIKING WORK BY MARY CASSATT (1845-1926), WHO WAS BORN IN AMERICA BUT LARGELY WORKED IN FRANCE. (Oil on canvas; 39 by 28½ ins.)



"OLIVER CROMWELL," A SIGNED PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY (1618-80), WHICH WAS PURCHASED BY THE CORPORATION IN 1949. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.)



"THE HAT SHOP," BY HENRY TONKS (1862-1937): PRESENTED IN 1951 BY THE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS OF THE ART GALLERY. (Oil on canvas; 26½ by 36½ ins.)



"MAKING A POSY," BY WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, R.A. (1819-1909). THE GALLERY'S COLLECTION IS ESPECIALLY STRONG IN ENGLISH NINETEENTH-CENTURY ARTISTS. (Oil on canvas; 12½ by 16½ ins.)

The latest in Messrs. Agnews' series of loan exhibitions from the collections of public galleries in the provinces is devoted to a very varied selection of eighty works from the Birmingham City Art Gallery. The exhibition, which continues until May 4, is in aid of the Association of Friends of the Birmingham Art Gallery, and thus it is appropriate that many of the Gallery's more recent acquisitions, to which the Association has made many notable contributions,

should have been included. The Birmingham Art Gallery was first opened in 1867, and the present building, which is currently undergoing considerable alterations, was opened in 1885. The Gallery has a famous collection of works by the Pre-Raphaelite artists and their associates. A group of them is included in this exhibition, which is particularly strong in works by the English school, ranging from Sir Peter Lely to Ivon Hitchens and Stanley Spencer.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SEVERAL years ago, I received a letter from somebody living in England asking if I could help him obtain a meerkat for a pet. The letter was duly passed to a likely source of help but, as I have heard nothing more, the outcome was probably disappointing to my correspondent. There are certain animals one reads about which inspire the longing to possess. The meerkat is one. There are, however, several arguments against transporting an animal from one country to another. For the meerkat there is one argument especially: the animal is a sun-worshipper, and the climate of this country offers little enough to such devotees.

It is customary to speak of the meerkat as a sun-worshipper, but sun-bather would be more appropriate. The meerkat, or suricate, is a mongoose, with several differences. It is hardly bigger than a large squirrel, grey in colour with dark bands across the back. The tail is thin, 6 ins. long, and therefore about half the length of head and body. When the animal runs, the tail is held straight out and its black tip is fluffed out to form a tuft. The muzzle is foxlike, but more slender than that of a fox, the eyes are black and surrounded by a circle of black hair which gives the impression that they are much larger than is the case, and the ears are small, black and shell-like. The texture of the coat is harsh. The paws are small, with dark curved flexible claws, the longest claws measuring half an inch. Meerkats live on the open plains of Cape Province, South Africa, feeding on small mammals and insects, on roots, fruits and earthworms. Such a diet suggests that meerkats are given to digging, and they do so vigorously, not only for food but for shelter, their burrows having many ramifications and always a second outlet. They live in colonies, often sharing their burrows with ground squirrels, but individuals often frequent farm-houses and outbuildings. And before dawn they leave their burrows, congregate on the rocks, and sit bolt upright to wait for the rising sun to warm them.

Many of the details included here are from a letter sent me by Mrs. Marjorie Dorer, of South Africa, and they supplement those available in normal sources of information here. They came as a prelude to an account of two pet meerkats given to her when they were about four months old, and which had obviously been taken from the nest and hand-reared.

One of the first points I would raise is the fearlessness of the meerkat; or, rather, this is one of the points that most strongly caught my attention in the very full notes furnished by Mrs. Dorer, for what follows is largely from these notes, with such comments as may seem appropriate. The meerkats are never silent and keep up a constant murmur of little grunts and yaps. "When interfered with in any way they carry on as if they had an anti-aircraft battery inside them—'ack-ack-ack'—and it is most intimidating to any intruder. They are quite fearless of any animal, no matter how big, and will attack cats and dogs on sight. They cannot get after them fast enough, and hang on once they obtain a hold. They go into action with the tail well up and the hair fluffed out. Before this bellicose attitude and a business-like display of sharp-pointed teeth, even

PORTRAIT OF MEERKATS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

an Alsatian dog has been known to turn tail and run."

Then comes the surprising thing: "they seem to be frightened only of hawks and always keep

occupation. "They are real creatures of the sun, and sit up on their haunches, warming their tummies. Sometimes they sit up straight, but at other times they stick their tails out behind them and lean backwards, making themselves quite comfortable. If very interested in anything, they stand up on their toes for a better view." This last trick is one very commonly found in other members of the Viverridae, to which the meerkat belongs, and also of the Mustelidae, including the otters and weasels, which is the next family to it.

The next trait is also characteristic: "They love to rummage, and nothing delights them more than a waste-paper-basket or a work-bag, and the contents are turned out in no time." Foxes have been known to investigate litter-baskets in London parks; dogs will investigate wastepaper-baskets; cats will search garbage-bins; but these do so in a search for food. A tame weasel, polecat or otter, as well as a tame mongoose, will investigate apparently from nothing more than an insatiable curiosity.

Now we can introduce the two meerkats as individuals, by their names. "Cheerina is more self-contained than Chee, and although she will watch the children at play, she is more interested in her own affairs. Chee associates himself completely with the children, especially the boys, and cannot bear to be left out of anything. When a game of football is in progress, Chee is frantic to join in and his whole attitude is 'but I ought to be there, they can't possibly get along without me.'" This may be not so much individual differences as the different attitudes of the sexes. My impression is that females are, on the whole, more sober and less given to boisterous play.

Both meerkats accept and give a great deal of affectionate play, however, identifying themselves with the human way of life, although "Chee is the more affectionate and loves to nestle under one's chin. On a hot afternoon it is quite usual to find a child and Chee curled up together, fast asleep." But although they are so tolerant, even friendly, to the human strangers in their midst, and, for that matter, to each other for most of the time, the presence of food causes a change. "Their

feeding habits are the most selfish and greedy I have seen," and mealtimes are accompanied by much jostling and ferocious language, yet their human companions can handle them with impunity even while they are feeding.

The final paragraph in Mrs. Dorer's letter deals with sleep. "When they sleep they roll up into a vertical ball (as against the horizontal ball a cat turns itself into). They sit on their tails, which are brought forward between the back legs. The head is tucked down between the forepaws, the top of the head resting on the ground. Then they look for all the world like small lumps of sun-baked earth, the tail with its dark tip standing up looking like a young shoot sprouting."



"THEY ARE REAL CREATURES OF THE SUN AND SIT UP ON THEIR HAUNCHES, WARMING THEIR TUMMIES. SOMETIMES . . . THEY STICK THEIR TAILS OUT BEHIND THEM AND LEAN BACKWARDS, MAKING THEMSELVES QUITE COMFORTABLE": ONE OF MRS. DORER'S PET MEERKATS SEEN IN A TYPICAL ATTITUDE.



HARDLY BIGGER THAN LARGE SQUIRRELS, GREY IN COLOUR WITH DARK BANDS ACROSS THE BACK: THE TWO MEERKATS IN A CORNER OF THEIR CAGE. NOTE THE SMALL PAWS WITH THE DARK CURVED FLEXIBLE CLAWS.

Reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. Marjorie Dorer.

a wary watch on the skies." Any large bird flying over makes them very anxious, and if an aeroplane goes by, there is nothing to be seen of the two meerkats until presently a cautious nose peeps out of the doorway of their box.

This fear of danger from the air may not be unconnected with the sun-worshipping, which, according to Mrs. Dorer, is their favourite

Is this protective, against detection from hawks, of which they are so afraid? One would need to know much more about the habits and the habitat before committing oneself to an opinion. It is, however, significant that the meerkat, living so much exposed to view, fearless of ground enemies, should be so readily persuaded to take evasive action when threatened from the air.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A FRENCH ELDER STATESMAN DIES:

M. EDOUARD HERRIOT.

M. Edouard Herriot, a former Prime Minister of France and Permanent Honorary President of the French National Assembly, died at the age of eighty-four on March 26. Of peasant origin, he had a successful university career, becoming Mayor of Lyons and later a Senator. He became Prime Minister and Foreign Minister in 1924. After the war he was leader of the Radical-Socialist Party until 1955.



APPOINTED FLAG OFFICER, MALTA: REAR-ADMIRAL SIR C. MADDEN.

Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Madden will take over the post of Flag Officer, Malta, in June. Admiral Madden, son of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, served as a wartime Deputy Director of the Gunnery Division at the Admiralty and has been Deputy Chief of Naval Personnel (Man-power Planning) since 1955. He was educated at the Royal Naval College, Osborne.



A UNITED STATES APPOINTMENT: GENERAL TWINING.

General Nathan Twining, of the United States Air Force, has been nominated by President Eisenhower to be Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff from next August. This was announced on March 26. General Twining has been Air Force Chief of Staff since June 1953, and will be the first Air Force officer to be nominated Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.



A NOTED ART HISTORIAN AND CONNOISSEUR: THE LATE MR. PAUL OPPE.

Mr. Paul Oppé, who died on March 29, was distinguished as an art historian and also as an official of the Board of Education, in which he became head of the branch dealing with the training of teachers. He retired from the Board of Education in 1938. Among his important services to art was his critical study and recataloguing of the earlier English drawings in the Royal Library at Windsor.



SHIPYARD COURT OF INQUIRY: PROFESSOR D. T. JACK.

The appointment of Professor D. T. Jack, Professor of Economics at Durham University, as chairman of the Court of Inquiry to examine the ship-building wages dispute was announced on March 28. He led the inquiry into the Trinidad sugar dispute in 1955 and was a member of the National Arbitration Tribunal, later the Industrial Disputes Tribunal, in 1951.



AT THIS YEAR'S PRESENTATION OF "OSCARS": A CHEERFUL GROUP INCLUDING PRIZEWINNERS WITH THEIR AWARDS.

This year's presentation of "Oscars," the statuettes awarded for notable achievements in the films of the preceding year, was held in New York on March 27. In the group above, seen after the presentation, are (left to right) Dorothy Malone, Anthony Quinn, Anna Magnani, Yul Brynner, Buddy Adler and Gary Grant.



AN AMERICAN AUTHOR AND PLAY- WRIGHT DIES: CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Mr. Christopher Morley, the American author and playwright, died at the age of sixty-six on March 28. After three years at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar he returned to America to engage in publishing and journalism. He had been a well-known literary figure for many years. One of his best-known works is his charming "Thunder on the Left."



A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST: THE LATE MR. JOYCE CARY.

Mr. Joyce Cary, who died at the age of sixty-eight on March 29, was well known for his novels in which he interpreted in a lively and original manner the social scene of the present day. Among his best-known works are his three books, "Herself Surprised," "To Be a Pilgrim," and "The Horse's Mouth."

Portrait by Mark Gerson.



LORD SALISBURY'S SUCCESSOR AS LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL AND LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS: THE EARL OF HOME.

Following Lord Salisbury's resignation, the Earl of Home was appointed Lord President and Leader of the House. Lord Home retains his post as Secretary for Commonwealth Relations. The appointment was announced from No. 10, Downing Street, on March 29. Lord Home was Minister of State, Scottish Office, from 1951 to 1955.



A WELL-KNOWN IRISH PAINTER DIES: MR. J. B. YEATS.

Mr. Jack Butler Yeats, who died aged eighty-six on March 28, was one of the best-known Irish painters and his paintings are to be found in important collections throughout the world. He was noted for his spontaneous style of painting. His subjects were mostly scenes of Irish popular life. He was the younger brother of the poet, the late W. B. Yeats.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



ROAD TO RIMINI.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ALTHOUGH, when Stephen Phillips died, I was seven years old, his name has never ceased to haunt me. True, he had only a small talent, unwisely lauded and soon forgotten; yet I find myself (with, I suspect, others) going self-consciously to those green, thin volumes, upon which the gilt wreath is tarnished now, and trying to find what exactly it was that brought hyperbolic praise from the critics in his bright, fleeting spring.

He is a derivative, rose-and-rapture dramatist, a sitting target for parody. Much of the verse is spun-sugar, by no means for any critic who seeks "the four-beat line . . . our natural modern rhythm, and natural antidote to blank verse." Even so, there are lines that glimmer in the mind, signalling to the romantic in many of us—the romantic who must chafe so often beneath the hair-shirt of a would-be cynic, an anxious "realist." I imagine that, at heart, many must respond to the sheer theatrical impact of Herod's repetition of the names,

Hippo, Samaria, and Gadara,
And high-walled Joppa, and Anthon shore,
And Gaza unto these, and Straton's towers

or to the opening of "Paolo and Francesca": that "gloomy hall in the Malatesta castle at Rimini," a trumpet sounding outside, and Giovanni Malatesta ("Lo Scanciato"), Tyrant of Rimini, pausing on the steps with:

Peace to this house of Rimini henceforth! . . .
To-day I take to wife Ravenna's child,
Daughter of great Polenta, our ally.

Presently the doors are flung wide. Paolo enters out of the sunlight, leading Francesca to Giovanni, who greets her as "this child hither all dewy from her convent fetched."

I do not defend Stephen's Muse in Rimini's rose-flushed ways—the manner grows on one—but I do see how theatrically potent it might have been in an age starved of dramatic poetry, and how, given the right setting, it might still impress an audience not too sourly bent on offering the stock response to Phillips, and, in general, to minor romantic verse. The names must clutch the imagination. "Rimini" (and Phillips knew it) is like a road that winds towards the sunset. Put some names—this is among them—into a speech and the battle is half-won.

Now I warn visitors to the Lyric, Hammersmith (as if they needed any warning), that Henry de Montherlant is not just singing away in the twilight. In "Malatesta"—its title and the setting in Rimini are the only links with Phillips—he offers a fierce picture of the Italian Renaissance, a world where beauty and cruelty kept their court together, and where swords flashed to the sound of the lute, a world of aspiration and desire beneath a burning sun. "Malatesta" is a play of pride, terror, passion, with an extraordinary brief scene at its core when the Pope, after Donna Isotta's pleading for her loved husband, discerns for a moment what the love of God can mean.

That is something to remember, though it is by no means in the line of the old theatricalism. With it we put an earlier scene between the Pope and Malatesta, despot bent subtly to obedience. Strangely, the play fuses the intellectual theatre and the old, opulent, forgotten "costume drama." There are passages when we realise that Montherlant, too, is in love with a sounding name. The Pope has called upon Sigismondo Malatesta to accept Spoleto and Foligno if he will allow

Papal troops to enter Rimini; and the splendid brute, Malatesta, battle-banner of the Renaissance, man of gold and blood, cries out (in the authoritative translation of Jonathan Griffin):

Rimini of my vitals! Rimini of my birth and of my youth, Rimini of my loves and of my spirit,



"A PLAY OF PRIDE, TERROR, PASSION": HENRY DE MONTERLANT'S "MALATESTA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH), SHOWING MALATESTA (DONALD WOLFIT) AND ISOTTA (ROSALIND IDEN) IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY.

The sea, can you hear? Listen! Listen! It's the sea, the immortal sea. . . . Men get tired of hearing the same words, of saying over and over again the same names. But the sea on my shore repeats eternally: "Malatesta"—on my shores full of sweet marble hands and divine sunken galleys. . . . Even if the shape of my coast were utterly altered, the sea, centuries of centuries from now, would be repeating upon it still: "Malatesta." Listen! Listen!

Donald Wolfit, at Hammersmith, does not forget the approach and withdrawal of the breaking wave in his enunciation of the name "Malatesta." This Tyrant of Rimini was a complex personage. Burckhardt has said of him: "Unscrupulousness, impiety, military skill, and high culture have been seldom combined in one individual as in Sigismondo Malatesta." Mr. Wolfit, at the première, acted with his redoubtable attack—few players can fight into a part as he does—but, for me, he did not become Malatesta fully until the last act, when the man himself listened to the wash of the Adriatic and to the words of Plutarch, and died, poisoned and paralysed, after invoking the shades of the great. This was strong, fierce playing: it certainly did not need the apparitions that, wisely, have been cut from Montherlant's text (for example, "Spectre of Scipio Africanus, in dazzling armour, with an immense and high-plumed hat").

Ernest Milton has the intricate part of the Pope who is statesman first, Churchman next, and who, after his momentary yielding, his humanity, in the scene with Isotta, comes to his prudent self when he is alone with his secretary and able to water down the clemency of a few minutes earlier. Mr. Milton is an intellectual actor matched to Montherlant's subtleties: his idiosyncratic way of speech may muffle the part at first, but the man and the part come through. These scenes—first, between the Pope and Malatesta, then between the Pope and Donna Isotta (Rosalind Iden)—will surely have grown before the end of a Hammersmith season which, we regret to hear, is Mr. Wolfit's last in actor-management. He has had a splendid, an exciting, record: here now is the high music at the close.

I wish that, for the sake of his season, he had begun with "Malatesta" rather than with Montherlant's austere "The Master of Santiago," which is as ice to the volcanic heat of the Renaissance play. But I do see that, for a farewell—to management, though not to the theatre—"Malatesta" is more immediately striking. The line that recurs to me, again and again, is the Pope's rejoinder to Donna Isotta when she is pleading that, while many have done what Malatesta has, he is the only one to be blamed for it. The Pope replies that Malatesta "does it with too much show. . . ."

At night, facing the enemy camp, one shoots at anything that shines." There is a flaunting emotional splendour about Montherlant's Malatesta. The man has size. He looms across Rimini.

Here, on the road to Rimini, I return to the wan, mellifluous ghost of poor Stephen Phillips—no doubt "in dazzling armour, with an immense and high-plumed hat."

The trouble with his people is that they lack size. They are pencilled in ("ancient woes, Sea-perils, or some long-ago farewell, Or the last sunset cry of wounded kings"). Yet it is odd that, after coming back from Montherlant, I should have gone to that dusty-green and gilt volume on the upper shelf: "It were so easy to return, And run down the white road to Rimini." Much, certainly, in a name!



IN LONDON FOR A THREE-WEEK SEASON OF THREE PLAYS: THE POLISH STATE JEWISH THEATRE COMPANY, WHO PERFORM IN YIDDISH UNDER THE ARTISTIC DIRECTION OF IDA KAMINSKA. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A SCENE FROM JACOB GORDON'S PLAY, "MIRELE EFROS."

Rimini of my eternal life! Give up Rimini, when I should like to place a crown upon her head! Rimini, that makes my heart contract when I think of her! And again, in the last act:

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MALATESTA".—Henry de Montherlant's play, reviewed on this page, is at the Lyric, Hammersmith, not the Winter Garden, as stated inadvertently last week. (March 26.)

VARIETY (Palladium).—First bill of the 1957 season. It is headed by the Teenagers. (April 1.)

"UNAIDA; OR, CORN IN EGYPT" (Players).—By Sagittarius and Michael Barsley. (April 1.)

"AS YOU LIKE IT" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Dame Peggy Ashcroft as Rosalind in the first play of the Festival. (April 2.)

"FIN DE PARTIE" (Royal Court).—Samuel Beckett's play, with his one-act mime, "Acte Sans Parole," directed by Roger Blin. (April 3.)

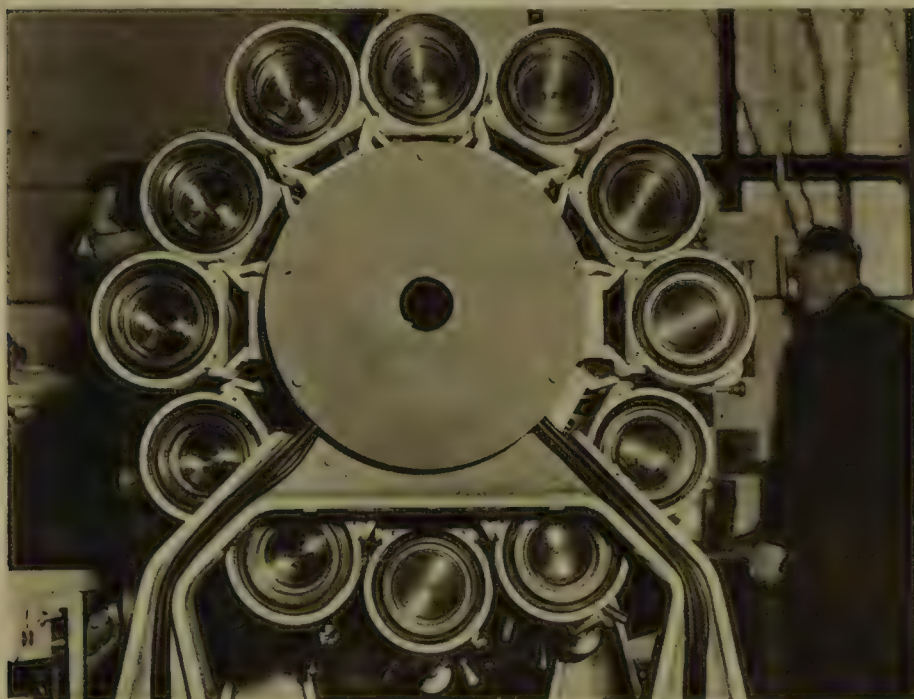
FROM FAR AND NEAR: TREASURE, INVENTIONS AND INNOVATIONS.



TO BE CARRIED BY *MAYFLOWER II* ON HER TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE: A CHEST OF "TREASURE" RESEMBLING THAT TAKEN BY THE PILGRIM FATHERS. On board *Mayflower II* when she sets sail for New York will be this treasure chest, of which the silver and gold contents have been made in Holland to reproduce as exactly as possible the treasure which the Pilgrim Fathers took with them. Messrs. Garrard's are selling exact replicas of these pieces, a display of which is to be seen in their windows at 112, Regent Street



AT THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PHYSICAL SOCIETY: A MICROWAVE COURSE BEACON TO FACILITATE NAVIGATION FOR SHIPPING ENTERING A HARBOUR. Among the many interesting instruments shown at the annual exhibition of the Physical Society, recently held at the R.H.S. Halls, Vincent Square, were this transmitter and receiver designed to aid shipping entering a harbour, which work on the Lorenz principle.



FOR THE STUDY OF THE EARLY STAGES OF EXPLOSIONS: A 12-CHANNEL KERR CELL CAMERA WHICH WAS SHOWN AT THE PHYSICAL SOCIETY EXHIBITION BY THE ARMAMENT RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT ESTABLISHMENT, FORT HALSTEAD.



CAPABLE OF TAKING TWELVE EXPOSURES AT INTERVALS OF LESS THAN A MILLIONTH OF A SECOND: THE KERR CELL CAMERA BEING DEMONSTRATED. THE EXPOSURE TIME CAN BE AS SHORT AS ONE TEN-MILLIONTH OF A SECOND.



SOMETHING NEW FOR GARDENERS: A BLACK MULCHING FILM WHICH HAS BEEN DEVELOPED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY.

A scientist at the University of Kentucky's Agricultural Experiment Station claims that this black mulching film—made from specially formulated polyethylene 3 ft. wide and .0015 ins. thick—will have exceptional results, especially in the problem of stopping the growth of weeds.

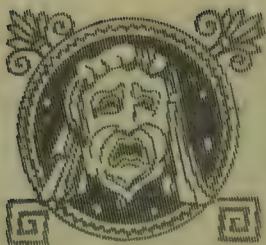


A MODEL OF *BRITANNIA* WHICH IS TO BE SHOWN TO THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD JOHN DENNY WITH THE MODEL HE HAS MADE.

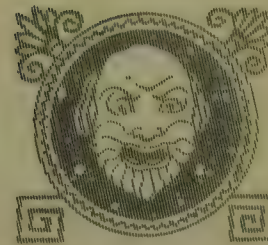
After seeing a photograph of John Denny's model of the Royal Yacht *Britannia*, the Duke of Edinburgh has asked its young maker to come to Buckingham Palace to show it to him. It cost John £5 to make this scale model, which he often sails on the Round Pond, Kensington Gardens.



AN R.A.C. TELEPHONE BOX ONE MILE AHEAD: R.A.C. PATROLS ERECTING ONE OF THE NEW TELEPHONE-BOX SIGNS WHICH ARE GOING UP ALL OVER BRITAIN. New signs to help motorists have been erected this week all over Britain. Bearing the familiar R.A.C. monogram and a silhouette of a telephone receiver, they indicate that an R.A.C. telephone box is one mile ahead. Some 600 of the more than 1200 boxes are to be sign-posted in this way.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



SQUALOR—AND A SEA-BREEZE.

By ALAN DENT.

THERE are times when the film's current obsession with squalor becomes distinctly oppressive—times when even a "Kismet" or a "Zarak" becomes a very welcome diversion, just as an over-hot and over-scented bath is better than no bath at all.

In "A Man is Ten Feet Tall" I am expected to take a passionate interest in the worries of a neurotic young deserter who obtains a job as a stevedore on the New York waterfront and discovers that such a thing as an honest job of work hardly exists, so surrounded is he with cheats and racketeers. In "La Traversée de Paris" I am, on the other hand, invited to laugh and relax, but the time and place chosen—the seamiest streets and cellars of Paris during the German occupation fifteen years ago—tend to check and dampen any such mood at every turn.

The American film is a variation—without much variation—on the theme of "On the Waterfront," in which the oncoming Marlon Brando was so memorable. It has a somewhat less oncoming young actor called John Cassavetes in the leading part, with the same kind of grunts and shudders over his hapless lot, but not the same kind of compulsion to make us commiserate in his self-commiseration. He makes an enemy in the white foreman—very well played by Jack Warden—who deducts his "whack" from the wages of any hand he helps to a job. And he makes a friend in the black foreman—shiningly well played by Sidney Poitier—whose honest laughter and transparent goodness at least help to clear the film of some of its murkiness. But the end—a minor dockland war fought with grappling hooks—is horrifying. A clever new director, Martin Ritt, sustains the mood. But it is a shade perverse of him to give us an occasional

be silent, haggles when he should be content with his moiety, masterful when he is paid to be a mere tool, and dumbfounding when he is supposed and expected to be merely dumb.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



SIDNEY POITIER AS TOMMY TYLER IN M.G.M.'S "A MAN IS TEN FEET TALL," WHICH IS DIRECTED BY MARTIN RITT. In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Sidney Poitier is certainly the best of the new young actors in the many films I have been seeing lately. He is already remembered for a moving and very different character-study in 'Cry the Beloved Country.' In the new waterfront film, 'A Man is Ten Feet Tall,' he plays a Negro foreman of sterling character—honest, unselfish, ungreedy and opposed to graft. It is the virtue of this performance—of a character almost too good to be true in such circumstances—that it is never underlined or over-sentimentalised. The secret probably lies in Mr. Poitier's big, healthy grin, which seems to make the evil with which he is surrounded a ridiculous and laughable thing as well as a mean and shabby one."

There is one memorable scene in a restaurant or a boarding-house in which our two conveyers settle down to consume a dish of grilled kidneys while all around them are half-famished men and women eating swill. The pair are watched by greedy eyes. One woman yearns not only for the coveted kidneys, but also for imaginary artichokes. "Avec topinambours!" she keeps saying, like one unable to envisage duck without peas, or strawberries without cream.

Another speculates on what can have happened to all the kidneys in occupied Paris: "Où sont les rognons?" But what did happen to them, in unoccupied London, come to that?

For a long time at a new British film called "High Tide at Noon" I thought there was nothing to anticipate but further squalor. The setting was healthy and unusual enough—an island off the coast of Nova Scotia inhabited by a nice family called the Mackenzies and a nasty family called the Brecks. But one of the male Brecks made a pass at one of the female Mackenzies, a girl of seventeen just fresh from school, and played most attractively by a new-comer called Betta St. John. The young lady did not reject this overture nearly peremptorily enough. And it was somewhat hard to believe that a girl with parents as wise as Alexander Knox and Flora Robson can make them, should not have been told that there must be no shilly-shallying with passes, whether pretty or otherwise. However, a much more agreeable young man comes out of the sea one day—charmingly played by William Sylvester—and in no time everything is going as happily as a marriage-bell followed by a barn-dance.

Squalor vanishes from this picture the moment this young man, who has been delighting everybody with a reel played on a fiddle, switches suddenly over to another tune. It is "Over the Sea to Skye," a tune which ought to be, though it isn't, the accompaniment to that magical lyric of which no one seems to know the author:

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;
But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

Anyhow, from this point the film has redeemed itself and become something quite pure and invigorating after that poignant minute which has wetted the eyes of Miss St. John, of Mr. Knox, of Miss Robson, and of me.

Let me, by way of conclusion, very strongly recommend a little French film which has been out some time called "The Red Balloon." I have not seen it till now because my colleagues, to a man and a woman, praised it in a way which made it sound intolerably mawkish. The truth is that it is impossible to describe it in words without making it sound mawkish. It is a story of a little Parisian schoolboy who loves a balloon



"HIGH TIDE AT NOON"—A STORY OF LIFE AND LOVE IN A FISHING COMMUNITY ON A TINY ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF NOVA SCOTIA: A SCENE WITH JOANNA MACKENZIE (BETTA ST. JOHN) AND ALEC DOUGLAS (WILLIAM SYLVESTER). (LONDON PREMIERE: GAUMONT, HAYMARKET, MARCH 29.)

distant glimpse of the pinnacle of the Empire State Building, and so remind us that there is a world and a New York elsewhere.

The French film is a witty production by Claude Autant-Lara which shows how, in the worst excesses of the food shortage, a newly-slaughtered fat pig was cut up and conveyed in four suitcases right across Paris. The conveyers are two men, a professional rogue and a distinguished painter investigating the Black Market out of a sheer disinterested amusement in humanity at its worst. They are played respectively by a good comedian, M. Bourvil, and a brilliant one, Jean Gabin, who makes the painter a full-dress character-study, an alarming man who roars when he should



IN THE TENSE SETTING OF A RAILROAD YARD ON THE NEW YORK WATERFRONT—"A MAN IS TEN FEET TALL": A SCENE WITH AXEL NORTH (JOHN CASSAVETES; RIGHT) AND THE BRUTAL FOREMAN, CHARLES MALIK (JACK WARDEN; LEFT). (LONDON PREMIERE: RITZ, LEICESTER SQUARE, MARCH 22.)

which loves him in return. Yes, it does. It follows him about wherever he goes, like Mary's little lamb. All this cannot, you see, be made to sound other than awful. But I am very glad I have seen "The Red Balloon" at last, because it is sheer enchantment, and most strongly do I recommend all but the hardest-hearted reader to find it out and see it, even if it is happening miles away. Incidentally, its colour-photography of the streets of Paris, and most especially of the distances of Paris, is the most satisfactory and poetic I have ever gazed upon. This gives you the very odour of Paris—a very subtle *mélange* of expensive soap, cedarwood, wash-leather, violets, and garlic.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE SILENT WORLD" (Generally Released; March 11).—Captain Cousteau explores the deep-blue sea and brings to the screen—as he brought to his book—a wonderland of bizarre horror and fun.

"THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT" (Generally Released; March 11).—This sets out to satirise the rock 'n' roll craze, and ends up by revelling in it.

"GIANT" (Generally Released; March 25).—A saga of Texas—very long, but at least three hours of it are thoroughly impressive.

"THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME" (Generally Released; April 1).—The latest and worst version of Victor Hugo's old stand-by of a novel.



THEY'RE OFF! THE FIELD OF THIRTY-FIVE RUNNERS GALLOP TOWARDS THE FIRST JUMP AT THE START OF THE 1957 GRAND NATIONAL AT AINTREE ON MARCH 29.



THE FIRST FENCE TAKES ITS TOLL: THREE HORSES—HART ROYAL, RENDEZ VOUS III AND VIRGINIUS FALL AFTER SKIDDING ON THE SLIPPERY TURF. ONLY ELEVEN OF THE THIRTY-FIVE STARTERS COMPLETED THE COURSE.



ONE OVER AND ONE OFF AT THE LAST FENCE: CHINA CLIPPER II, RIDDEN BY HIS OWNER, MAJOR W. GIBSON, COMES TO GRIEF WHILE SYDNEY JONES CLEARS THE JUMP TO FINISH SEVENTH.



AN EASY WINNER AT HIS THIRD ATTEMPT: MR. AND MRS. G. KOHN'S SUNDEW, TRAINED BY F. HUDSON AND RIDDEN BY F. WINTER, WINNING THE 1957 GRAND NATIONAL WITH A LEAD OF EIGHT LENGTHS OVER WYNDBURGH.



A POPULAR WINNER ENTERING THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE: SUNDEW BEING LED IN BY MRS. KOHN TO A GREAT OVATION FOR HORSE AND JOCKEY. THIS WAS CHAMPION JOCKEY F. WINTER'S FIRST GRAND NATIONAL VICTORY.

A THIRD-TIME-LUCKY VICTORY IN THE 1957 GRAND NATIONAL: SUNDEW AN EASY WINNER.

The 1957 Grand National, which was run at Aintree on March 29, was chiefly remarkable for the fact that the winner was in the lead nearly all the way, and this after having fallen in his two previous attempts at this famous race. Sundew, owned by Mr. and Mrs. G. Kohn and trained by Mr. F. Hudson, gave champion jockey Fred Winter his first Grand National victory at his fourth attempt. This eleven-year-old passed the finishing-post eight lengths ahead of Miss R. Wilkinson's Wyndburgh, while Mr. E. Courage's Tiberetta

was third. Goosander, who started favourite at 5 to 1, finished sixth. In all, only eleven of the thirty-five starters finished the race. Sundew, who started at 20 to 1, was bred in Ireland and bought by Mr. and Mrs. Kohn on the eve of the 1955 Grand National, in which he fell four fences from the finish. It was raining and visibility was only moderate when the race started. Most of the horses fell in the first circuit, though there were also several additional falls during the second time round the gruelling course.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is one of the gifts of fiction to translate us to other worlds: which may be called escape if you are so minded. If so, there is a good deal of it this week. First, what looks to me like the beginning of a good long escape. "The Red Marten," by Peter Nisser (Michael Joseph; 15s.), is (to put it not very attractively) a peasant saga, with its centre in Värmland and its background in the "great troubles"—the fighting years of Charles XII. The Weasel, or Wessel, family, right from the dim past, has had an affinity with troubles. It is on record that the first of them settled in the empty village of Ramnäs after the Black Death. His grandson became an esquire and local magnate in the wars of independence. That was the Weasels' great age; with time, it declined to a fading memory and a little junk. From father to son they were mere peasants, except in their own conceit. Then came the Thirty Years War, and the son at Ramnäs went for a soldier. Like his betters, he returned with something in hand. Here we have the beginning of the tale, and of a fresh upward curve. The soldier and his son are not gentry; but with fanatical energy, and not without an eye on the past, they are getting rich. And the grandson may be a gentleman; that is his father's project. Simon, however, doesn't know his own mind. He was a boy when the first of the militia left the parish; and if he has ever wanted anything, it was to ride after them. But his father won't hear of it; soldiering is for "vagabonds and young nobles," not for a yeoman's son. So he can only loaf about and get into woman trouble—till, at the very end, this becomes wife-trouble and goads him into decision.

There must be a sequel; for Simon will obviously turn out to be the "king marten," the "magic marten" of hunting legend, and he has not started yet. He must be pointing us to the war, already glimpsed in a bloody and useless battle on the Livonian plains. But neither Simon nor anyone else is of prime consequence; the fascination lies in a world emerging visibly from the past, and still soaked in it. On top, the bustling, rather brutal daylight of the century: in every nook, patches of old custom and belief. The Finns have not long been chased from their hilltops in the primeval forest, and there are still Finnish incantations or pagan rites for all junctures. This folk-element is very striking; so is the natural milieu.

OTHER FICTION.

"All Through the Night," by Richard Vaughan (Hart-Davis; 11s. 6d.), seems out of this world altogether. True, the place is called Wales; and since the wind, at one point, roars "like the sound of cannon from where the English are fighting Napoleon," even the time is fixed. Only there are time and place, not as we understand them, but as they exist in a child's mind at a towering crisis. Guto is walking alone with his father through the Crognant valley. They have been walking three days; and to-night in Crognant, they will meet those fearsome giants the drovers. Guto's mother has run off with the worst of them. She could actually leave his father, and so Guto will never admit that he wants her back. Nor can he own to being frightened: not with his father, who is the strongest as well as the best man in the world. Yet though full of trust, he is also in agonies of terror. It is too soon even to think of the drovers. Now he has to concentrate on this roaring valley, on the bridge to be crossed—"No place for you or the boy once it do get dark," they said. And it is pitch dark. . . .

The whole, very small, but grand story is a passage through the shadow of death: at once brutally realistic, and a sublime fairy-tale.

With "Pale Moon," by W. R. Burnett (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.), we descend from embattled cloud-country to the triter but romantic demesne of the Old West. Doan Packer has found his way into Arizona with a bad lung—and for other reasons. However, his conscience is clear. He is a natural leader; and as such, he arrives at San Miguel in good time. Hitherto, crossbred Jake Starr and his family have ruled the roost, but now the titan is crumbling and going berserk, while new settlers from the East are screaming reform. Doan catches the eye of the beautiful but secretive Opal Starr, and, after her father's murder, rises straight to the top—only to incur threefold trouble from political enemies, his own past, and his wife's peculiar ethics. Not the author's most powerful story: but agreeable and exciting.

"Borrow the Night," by Helen Nielsen (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), starts with a series of threatening letters to the judge in a murder case: he and the "innocent" Messick will die together. . . . Judge Addison puts up with this for a week, then—on the eve of execution—rushes in panic to the D.A. There he finds the policeman who made the arrest, with a similar bunch of letters. In the D.A.'s view, "Mr. Justice" is a mere crank, to be foiled by police protection; Coleman, however, assumes him to have a personal interest and design, and starts out to look for him. Or rather—thinks the judge, desperately tagging along—to look for a different killer. . . . Top-flight subtlety and suspense; there are wheels within wheels. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE WINE TRADE; LUSITANIA AND JORDAN; AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

THE history of great businesses, especially if it is written by an outsider who has an elegant pen and no inhibiting interest in the concern, can be as fascinating as it is instructive. Such a history is "Merchants of Wine," by Alec Waugh (Cassell; 18s.). This is the story of the great firm of W. and A. Gilbey which was founded 100 years ago by two young pay clerks in the Crimea, Walter and Alfred Gilbey, who returned from that fantastically mismanaged campaign to find themselves without capital, without savings and without anything to do. The young men—they were twenty-six and twenty-four respectively—were lucky, however, in the possession of considerable energy and business acumen, and in the fact that they started business

at a time when Britain's commercial empire was setting out on its vast expansion. In those days, largely owing to the prohibitive duties on French wines and the preference on Portuguese wines which resulted from the Methuen Treaty, our grandfathers (or should it be great-grandfathers?) had a general taste for dark vintage port, full, sweet sherries and Madeiras and brown hock. The wealthy drank sweet champagne, but owing to the duty, only the cultivated few drank Burgundy and Claret. The colonial wines from Cape Colony were also popular, as the duty was half that of French wines, and the young men cashed in on this market, inserting a half-inch advertisement in the *Morning Advertiser* of February 23, 1857. This offered Cape "port" and "sherry" at 20s. a dozen (the inverted commas are mine, because port only comes from Oporto and sherry only comes from the Jerez district of Spain—with a possible extension of the name to cover Manzanilla). Their Cape brandy was on sale at 30s. a dozen. With no taxation to speak of, and none of the controls and regulations which still so infest us in this day and age, Walter and Alfred's firm were able to expand so rapidly that within a few months they had 20,000 customers on their books. But alas! if free enterprise in Victorian days brought its rewards, it had its hazards, too, and the Gilbeys were nearly wiped out by Mr. Gladstone's Budget of 1860, which reduced the duty on French table wines from 12s. to 2s., which, of course, put the inferior South African wines out of the market for three-quarters of a century. The Gilbeys, with admirable promptitude, switched to what became known in the trade as "Gladstone's claret," just as later they enlarged their business by including the vast trade in spirits. The firm is highly conservative. In the early years of the century, one of the partners saw a large red-faced man (he happened to be a most important customer from Australia) in a ready-made lounge suit and bowler hat. "What," he exclaimed, "that man there in a bowler hat? I can't see anyone like that." Yet at the same time, it has always been as lively and as modern in its method and outlook as the most exacting big business tycoon could demand. Mr. Waugh tells this agreeable story of a great family and its connections, and of a great firm and its ramifications with that lively pen which one would expect from him.

In a mixed bag, there is the tragic but fascinating story of "The Last Voyage of the Lusitania," by A. A. Hoehling and Mary Hoehling (Longmans; 16s.). Of all the tragedies of the sea, with the notable exception of the *Titanic* disaster, the sinking of the *Lusitania* was one of the most dramatic of all sea tragedies. If the loss of the *Titanic*, which was due to man's folly, had far-reaching effects on safety measures for ships at sea, the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, within sight of the Irish coast, had the most weighty effects on world history. The U-boat commander who preened himself on his bag, was largely instrumental, because of the number of American lives lost, in securing the entry of the United States into the war on the side of the Allies, and thus ensuring Germany's defeat. The authors have given an admirably clear account of the loss of the great liner.

Mr. Godfrey Lias, as I have pointed out before, is a shrewd and widely travelled observer of the international scene. Now that British power in the Middle East is crumbling into memory, it is good to be reminded of a remarkable British achievement, the force which was the major stabilising factor in the Middle East for so long, and about which he writes in "Glubb's Legion" (Evans; 18s.). When

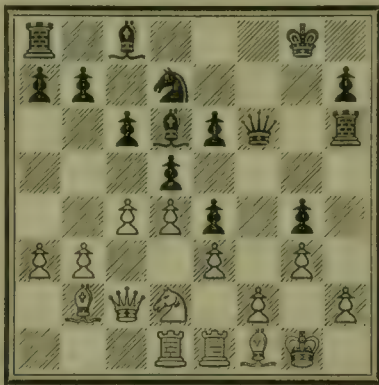
history comes to be written, Glubb Pasha's contribution to the long history of the British capacity for leading irregular troops and turning them into excellently disciplined bodies of men, will be found among the most notable.

To complete the mixed bag, here is a book for the ever-increasing number of ornithologists and bird-watchers. It is "Some Common Australian Birds," by Alan and Shirley Bell (Oxford University Press; 35s.). The authors use an unusual method of identification, which relies on sight and the recognition of characteristics, rather than on family groupings. The charming and, I imagine, accurate, coloured illustrations for each bird mentioned greatly enhance the book's value. They make one realise how drab on the whole our native English birds are by comparison. How nice it would be if, for example, the vividly "Spotted Diamond Bird" were a common visitor in our woods and hedgerows! E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE sacrifice of a rook is rare. It is almost invariably followed by a series of checks and a snappy finish. The occasions in chess history when a rook sacrifice has been followed by play describable as quiet can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Tartakover, Black against Maroczy one afternoon in 1923, assured himself of immortality in this position when he played 17. . . . R×P!



18. K×R Q×BPch 19. K-R1 Kt-B3!

The quietness of the follow-up play is remarkable. Not a check for four moves! Analysts have tried to better Maroczy's defence without success.

20. R-K2 Q×KtP 23. R-B2 Q-R5ch

21. Kt-Kt1 Kt-R4 24. K-Kt1 B-Kt6

22. Q-Q2 B-Q2 25. B-B3

White had nothing better than to give back the exchange but could have done it slightly more promisingly by 25. R-R2.

25. R-Kt2, R-KB1, threatening . . . R-B6, . . . B-Q3 and . . . R-R6 would be useless.

25. . . . B×Rch 28. B-K1 R×Bch!

26. Q×B P-Kt6 29. K×R P-K4

27. Q-KKt2 R-KB1 30. K-Kt1 B-Kt5

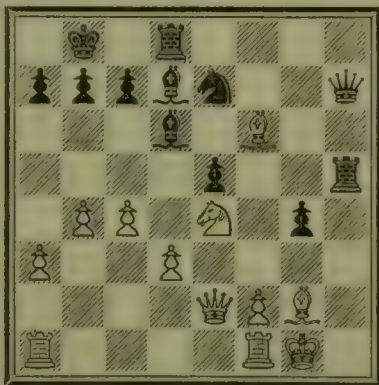
White cannot play 31. R-Q2 because of 31. . . . B-B6; 32. B×P (what else?); Kt×B; 33. Q-R2, Q×Qch; 34. R×Q, KP×P; 35. KP×P, Kt-K7ch, with an easy endgame win for Black. So he tried

31. B×P, but soon capitulated: 31. . . . Kt×B;

32. R-K1, Kt-B4; 33. Q-B2, Q-Kt4; 34. QP×P,

B-B6 disch; 35. K-B1, Kt-Kt6ch. . . .

The Australian player, John Hanks, black in the second diagram against S. Lazare, matched even this for brilliance recently.



25. . . . Kt-Kt3! 28. P-B4 P-Kt6

26. Kt×B P×Kt 29. P×P B×P!

27. B×R B-B4 30. Q-Q2

Not 30. Q×B, R-R8ch; 31. B×R, Q-R7 mate.

Not a check yet, note!

30. . . . R×P! 35. Q-KKt2 Q-Q2

31. B-K4 R×B 36. Q-Q5 Q-R6!

32. QR-K1 R×R 37. Q-Kt2 Q-Kt5

33. R×R Kt-K4 38. Q-Q5 Q-B5

34. R×Kt P×R 39. Q-Q6ch K-R1

and White exceeded his time—but is mated, anyway.



Another famous 'EIGHT'—



the Union-Castle mailships



which maintain



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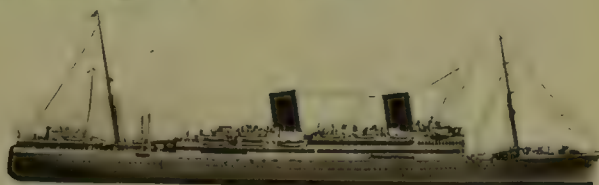


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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE VAUXHALL VICTOR SUPER.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

AT the end of February, Vauxhall Motors announced a new model, available in two forms as the *Victor* and the *Victor Super*, in which several new design features and a new, very modern, styling are introduced.

Naturally the new model follows the general specification which has proved so satisfactory for the *Wyvern*, *Velox* and *Cresta*. Thus it is of integral construction, and has an overhead-valve engine, three-speed gear-box, hypoid bevel final drive, independent front suspension by coil springs and wishbone links, half-elliptic rear springs, and direct-acting telescopic shock-absorbers, but the new design features represent a decided technical advance. The 4-cylinder engine has the same bore and stroke as those of the *Wyvern*, 79.37 x 76.2 mm. (1507 c.c.), thus being slightly "oversquare," but it is of improved design and gives a 10 per cent. increase in maximum power to 54.8 b.h.p. at 4200 r.p.m.

This new engine has a deeper cylinder block casting, extending well below the crankshaft centre line, which is, therefore, structurally stiffer, and gives smoother and quieter operation, as quickly becomes apparent on driving the car. The increase of power is largely due to the better breathing given by the induction system, which has large inlet valves and separate ports fed through a four-branched manifold from the Zenith VN43 carburettor. The compression ratio is 7.8 to 1 as on the *Wyvern* engine.

Another technical detail making for quieter running is the off-setting of the piston pins by $\frac{1}{8}$ in. towards the thrust side of the piston, which reduces the tendency to the noise known as "piston slap."

Quietness has also been sought in the transmission, and the clutch housing and gear-box casing are of cast iron in place of aluminium, while helical gears are used. Another detail of the transmission which will be particularly appreciated by the unskilled driver is the provision of synchromesh mechanism for first gear as well as for second and top.

Styling is usually considered from the aesthetic point of view alone, but in the new Vauxhall it has also been governed by sound practical considerations. The overall height is unusually low, 4 ft. 10 ins., and the seating position is also kept low so that there is no loss of headroom, which is 35 ins. over the front seat and slightly more over the rear seat. The interior is spacious and affords ample leg and shoulder room, so that the car is a really commodious four-seater, although appreciably smaller than the six-seater *Wyvern*.

Apart from the long, low line, the panoramic windscreen and the wrap-around rear window are obvious features of the styling, and as the bonnet and rear deck levels are also low the visibility afforded to the driver is outstandingly good. Indeed, the crowns of all four wings are within his vision, and he can see the road surface to within about 9 ft. of the front of the car, so that manoeuvring in a confined space can be confidently undertaken.

Access to the seats is easy, the doors being hinged on their forward edges and opening wide. The overhang of the screen into the door space does, of course, reduce this, but does not materially hinder access to the bench-type front seat. The passengers sit well within the wheelbase, the distance from the rear seat-back to the centre of the rear axle being 11½ ins. The driving position is comfortable, with the possible exception that the pendant pedals are set a little high from the floor. The handbrake-lever is of direct pull-on type, but it is easy to release by giving it a partial turn.

As the kerb weight of the car is only a little over 19 cwt., the power-weight ratio is high, so that the acceleration is distinctly lively. From traffic lights the *Victor* will attain 30 m.p.h. in 6 seconds and 50 m.p.h. in 15 seconds. It does so quietly and without fuss, and will cruise comfortably at about 65 m.p.h., leaving another 10 m.p.h. in reserve. The engine is remarkably smooth and flexible for a 4-cylinder, and the fact that only three gears are provided does not mean that the driver has constantly to be using the gear-lever, for on first a maximum of about 27 m.p.h. is possible and on second about 56 m.p.h. On top the engine will pull away smoothly from about 15 m.p.h.

The *Victor* gives a very flat, comfortable ride, and thanks to its low build and low centre of gravity, combined with careful weight distribution and suspension design, it is very free from fore-and-aft movement, or pitching, and from roll when cornering fast. An anti-roll bar is fitted to the front suspension.

From the driver's point of view it is a pleasing car to handle, having a slight degree of understeer which remains consistent under varying conditions. The steering gear is of recirculating ball type and is light and precise in action, the car holding its course unaffected by road camber or cross-winds.

The brakes also inspire confidence, and require only comparatively light pedal pressures. Two leading shoes are used in the front drums.

The steering-column gear-change is one of the best of its type, operating smoothly and without too great a movement. The two-spoked wheel gives an excellent view of the easily read speedometer and instruments, grouped in front of the driver and hooded against reflections. At night, panel illumination can be regulated, and a good feature of the five-position ignition and starter switch is that the driver may leave the boot locked and take away the key, still leaving the ignition and starter switch unlocked to allow the car to be moved if necessary during his absence.

As a family car the new *Victor* has many good points, and by no means the least is the unusually large luggage accommodation provided in the rather long tail. Although the spare wheel is carried vertically at the off-side of the luggage compartment there is still 10½ cub. ft. left for baggage.

The bottom line of the windscreen and of the window apertures is on one level all round the car, approximately 11 ins. below the driver's eye and 38 ins. above the road, so that passengers as well as driver have an excellent outward view.

Economy of operation has not been forgotten, and in ordinary road usage a figure of 35 m.p.g. may be expected, possibly less in hard driving but even more at a more leisurely rate of progress. To this the small frontal area and the comparatively high final drive ratio contribute, while the good

power-weight ratio allows the engine to operate at a low and economical speed for much of the time.

It is believed that the Vauxhall *Victor* is the first car to have under-sealing as standard, a $\frac{1}{8}$ -in. layer of sound-deadening material being baked on to the under surface for the two-fold purpose of preventing resonance and preserving the structure against rust.

The difference between the *Victor* and *Victor Super* lies in the finish and equipment. The *Victor Super* has additional chromium finish on windscreen and window mouldings, and certain extra equipment such as armrests on all doors, a two-spoked steering-wheel with chromium-plated horn ring, courtesy switches operated by the front doors, dual sun visors, twin-tone horn and a wider choice of colour schemes and upholstery, which may be in either pleated or flat style. The price of the *Victor Super* is £758 17s. and of the *Victor* £728 17s., including purchase tax.

MOTORING NOTES.

The Standard 8 h.p. and 10 h.p. saloons may now be obtained with the Laycock de Normanville overdrive, operative on second, third, and top gears, at an extra cost of £63 15s. Cars so fitted thus have seven forward ratios.

An interesting new feature of the R.A.C.'s "Continental Handbook," the 1957 edition of which is now obtainable, price 7s. 6d., is a thirty-two-page atlas which covers Europe from Trondheim in the north to Gibraltar and Sicily in the south, and from Portugal in the west to Yugoslavia in the east.

Despite the disastrous fire at the Jaguar factory in Coventry, production was quickly resumed and is rapidly getting back towards normal. Efforts are being concentrated on the new 3.4-litre model, which is in great demand in the U.S. This resembles the 2.4-litre saloon but has the 210 b.h.p. engine, which gives it a maximum speed of 120 m.p.h.

Sporting fixtures have been sadly affected by petrol rationing and the B.A.R.C. has cancelled its International meeting at Aintree scheduled for April 13. Attention is being concentrated on the British Grand Prix to be held at Aintree on July 20.

Applications for entries for the 24-hour race at Le Mans on June 22-23 totalled seventy-eight at the closing date (February 28); the number of starters is limited to fifty-two. British applications include Aston Martin (four cars), Cooper-Climax (two), Jaguar (seven), Lotus (five), M.G. A (two), and Arnott, A.C.-Bristol, Frazer-Nash and Phoenix (one each).

A new, small and economical British car made its debut at the Geneva Show in March. This is the *Frisky*, powered by a 2-cylinder, two-stroke, Villiers engine and intended to be sold at £400, including purchase tax. It owes its conception to Captain Raymond Flower, and its styling to a young Italian designer, Michellotti, and the Italian coachbuilder, Vignale. It is to be built by Henry Meadows Ltd., of Wolverhampton.



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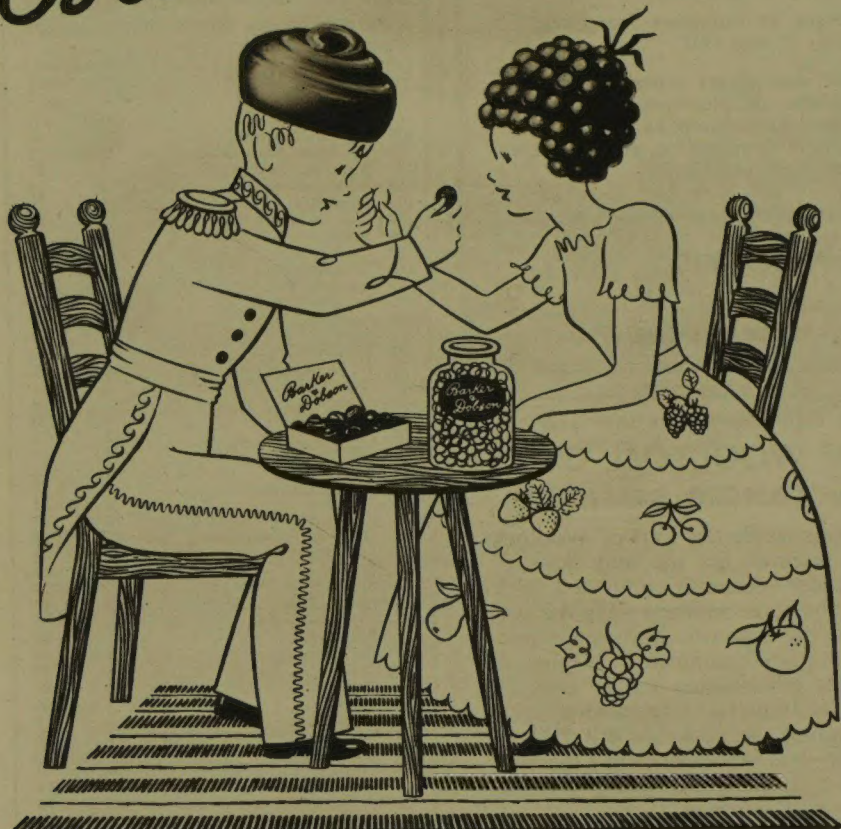
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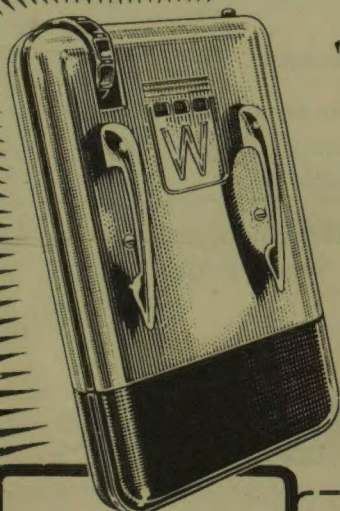


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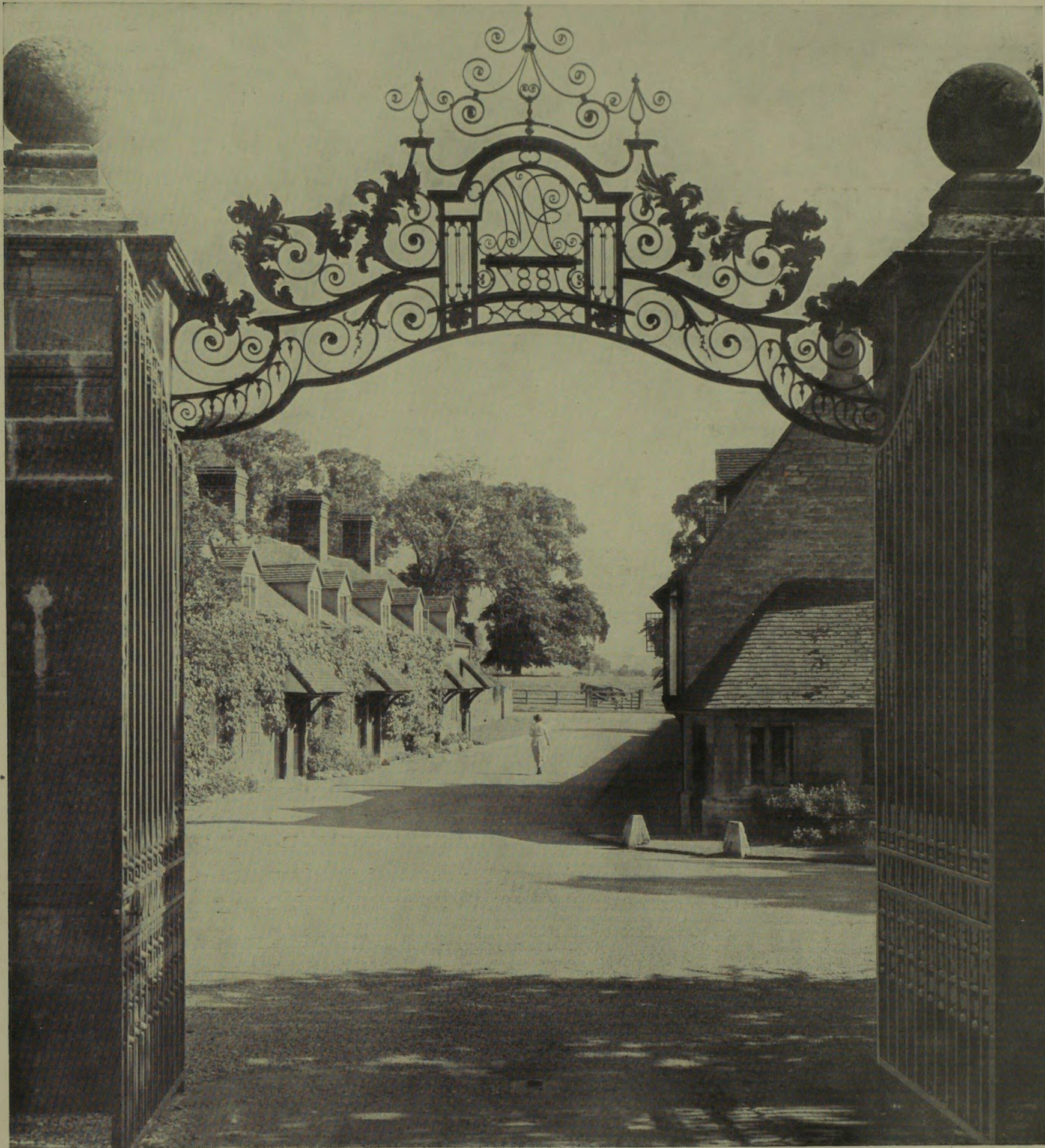
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